Saturday Review

OCT 4 '50

LIFE WITH "MADAM"

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Jonathan Daniels, author of "The Man of Independence." *(See page 10)*

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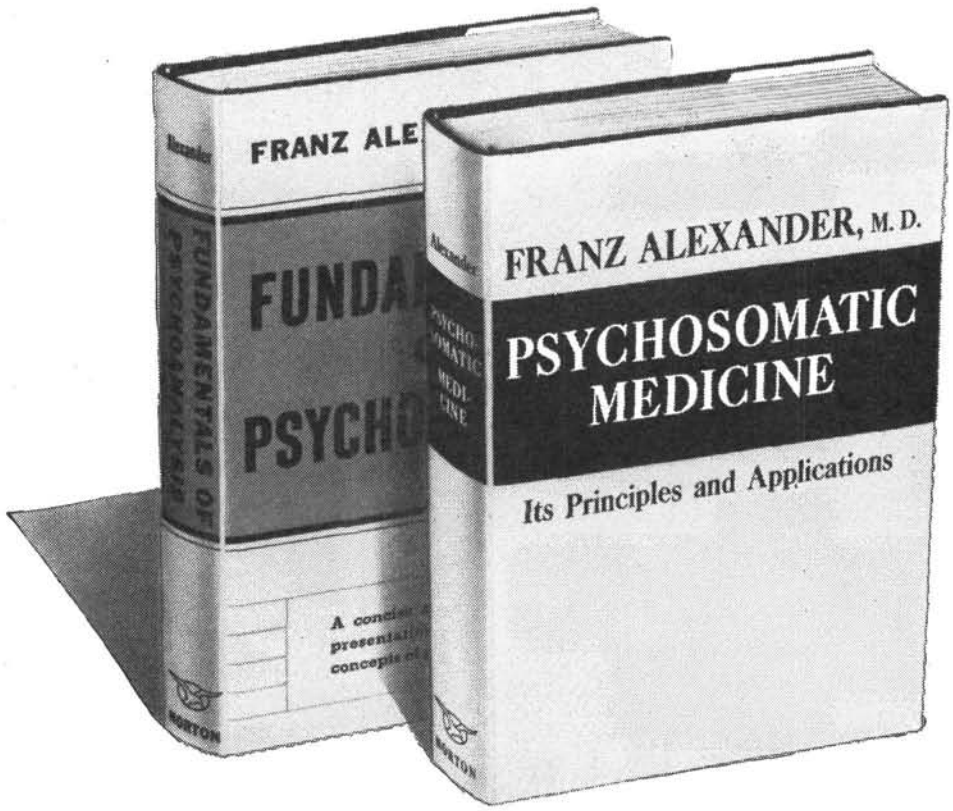

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TRADE Winds

AT LEAST HALF of those violent hurricanes that are sweeping up the Atlantic Coast appear to stem from the incredible blasts of publicity attendant upon the merger of two estimable Hollywood big-shots named Jerry Wald and Norman Krasna. A gullible reader gathers the impression that the stars already enlisted under the Wald-Krasna banner outnumber the Soviet standing army, and that the only hot story property they haven't gobbled up is Friedrich von Bieberhoffer's 1937 classic, "Hitler Desires Peace." Book publishers who like to see their names in the papers might borrow a leaf from the seemingly infallible publicists who are handling the Wald-Krasna account and, directly a new novel is unveiled, initiate a series of daily communiqués to palpitating literary editors, divulging such priceless tid-bits as these:

Monday: The name of the man who overcharged them for the paper.

Tuesday: The name of the binder who delivered the first edition only three weeks late.

Wednesday: The name of the garbage collector appearing on page 134.

Thursday: The name of the wholesaler who supplied Hackensack and Passaic.

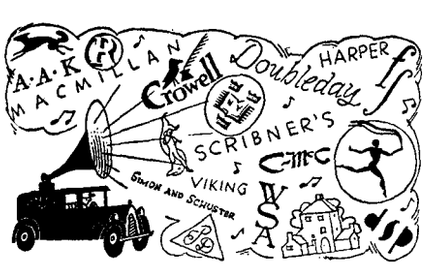
Friday: The name of the account that returned the first consignment for credit.

Saturday: The name of the drugstore that bought the remaining stock to retail at 19¢ a copy.

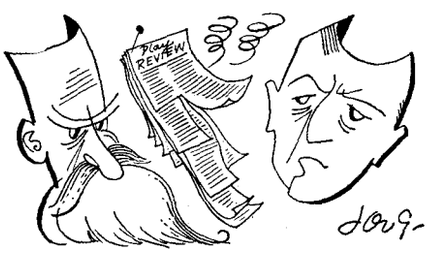
Sunday: An official denial of every story sent out the previous six days.

(And Monday, of course, the planner of this great campaign could begin looking for a new job) . . .

THE VENERABLE George Bernard Shaw took it on the shin from two directions in England in recent weeks. As this



edition went to press he was rallying magnificently from the effects of a fall sustained in the garden of his Ayot St. Lawrence home, losing his temper only when doctors rashly sought to snip off the whiskers that are part of his trade mark. It will take him longer, I fear, to recover from the notices accorded the premiere of his latest play, "Far Fetched Fables." The critics stamped it "Opened by mistake." Said one: "An absurd parody of 'Back to Methuselah'—without its wit"; another: "The last spark of the coruscating



genius of Shaw's youth." The man from the *Daily Express* was "saddened to see that mighty legend 'By Bernard Shaw' on a play built out of the shards and ruins of genius," but the *Herald*'s critic found one thing to cheer about: "It is certainly better stuff than was ever written before by a dramatist of ninety-four!" . . . All of which makes it evident that English critics are neither as charitable—or pusillanimous?—as their American confreres in rendering judgment when one of their recognized greats turns in a repetitious, unpleasant, and altogether inferior performance. . . .

ANOTHER FAMOUS British playwright, Noel Coward (even Brooklyn has forgiven him), has eschewed the drama entirely for the nonce. He is working on a new volume of short stories (due from Doubleday in the spring) and once that is out of the way proposes to complete the second volume of his autobiography, "Future Indefinite." Part one, you will recall, was titled "Present Indicative." . . . Noel Coward and I were dining together in the Ivy Restaurant in London that evening in 1938 when Chamberlain's "peace in our time" speech was broadcast by BBC, sending us into as deep a depression, I dare say, as either of us has suffered before or since. A few misguided diners cheered, but Coward's intuitive reaction was, "Either this day's work must be undone or all of us had better start learning to speak German." Coward summarized his own achievements by saying, "I know two things about my plays; one, they are the best of their kind being written today; two, posterity will judge them worthless." . . .

THOUGH THE budding theatrical season will have to struggle along without new plays by Coward and Shaw, the coming months on Broadway give promise of more exciting fare than has been offered in years. Here is just a partial line-up:

October: Huxley's "The Giaconda Smile"; John Patrick's "The Curious Savage"; the Crouse-Lindsay-Berlin musical, "Call Me Madam"; John Steinbeck's "Burning Bright."

November: Odets's "The Country Girl"; Christopher Fry's "The Lady's Not for Burning"; the new Frank Loesser musical, "Guys and Dolls"; John Van Druten's "Bell, Book, and Candle"; "Out of This World" with a score by Cole Porter; Elmer Rice's "Love Among the Ruins."

December: Sidney Kingsley's dramatization of Koestler's "Darkness at Noon"; "Second Threshhold," begun by the late Phil Barry and completed by Bob Sherwood; Tennessee Williams's "The Rose Tattoo," and possibly Thornton Wilder's "The Emporium" and a new play by George Kaufman and Leueen McGrath. . . . Meanwhile, there's always "South Pacific," as enchanting and wonderful as ever. . . .

DOROTHY PARKER, absent from the current lists for far too long, bobs up with a new short story called "Stephen's Masterpiece" in the September issue of *Park East* magazine. It was written in collaboration with Ross Evans and is a thoroughly uncharacteristic "mood" piece about an old

swish who has driven his wife to suicide and is now apparently yearning for the young man who has just married his daughter. . . . Those *Park East* editors, incidentally, are playing for keeps. Recent issues have been increasingly meaty, with John Fortier, who reports on books, turning in a particularly commendable performance. . . . That distinguished printer, William Walling, is nursing a grievance. Intrigued by the title of Gerald Johnson's latest book, he bought a copy under the misapprehension that it was a biography of Cleopatra. . . . Loyal Republican Dewey Short, Representative in Congress of the seventh district in Missouri, had occasion to

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from the editorial rooms of the BEACON PRESS, *Boston*

Survey shows demand for readable, scholarly study of American Protestantism

Harvard professor scoffs at Marxist, Fascist 'elites': documents superiority of the common man

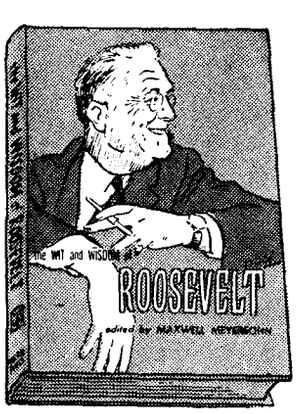
Marxists and Fascists alike are proclaiming in a loud voice the rule of an elite—of superior Men Who Know. They hold that the parliamentary system, representative government, and majority rule—that all aspects of the democratic creed—are nonsense. There is no depending upon the common man. He is ignorant, superstitious, incapable of decision . . .

Now, out of the holocaust of dictatorship and total war, a new image of the common man is emerging. In keeping with this emergence, The Beacon Press is publishing *The New Image of the Common Man*, by Carl J. Friedrich, graduate professor of government at Harvard, author of Foreign Policy in the Making, Constitutional Government and Democracy, etc. This is a full-scale treatment (375 pages) in which the new idea of the ordinary citizen is stated "in terms quite different from those which have come down to us from the visionary prophets of the democratic age," as the author says.

Garbage Collector John Doe and Albert Einstein are embraced in this new image as Carl Friedrich paints it. He does it in language that is readable and comprehensible to anyone who is haunted by the issue: How can we believe in man as master of his destiny? We can, says our author. "The most incredible faith in the omnicompetence and rationality of the common man, of you and me, must be replaced by a tempered, yet firm, conviction of the common man's *political* capacity. . . . The common man is trustworthy because he is, in the aggregate, a man of *character* rather than of intellect . . . consistent and averse to highfalutin' deviations. He is safer than the uncommon man."

In a time when the naked issue of an elite versus democracy is being once more debated in terms as specific as human blood spilled on battlefields, it is important to rethink some of our basic ideas. This book may change your mind—or provide the documentation you never had the time to dig out for yourself.

By C. J. Friedrich. Boston: Beacon Press. At all bookstores, $3.75.



"Wit and Wisdom of Roosevelt" introduced; provides kaleidoscopic view of crucial years

The Wit and Wisdom of Franklin D. Roosevelt

Edited by Maxwell Meyersohn. Boston: The Beacon Press. At all booksellers, $2.

The quotations making up this book not only reveal the complex nature of Roosevelt's personality, but also provide a quick, kaleidoscopic view of the tragic, crucial years through which he brought America. The pulse-beat of the depression, of recovery and new social reforms, of world crisis and then of war—all are caught in these packed, highly selected passages. Sharp with the tang of the American idiom, informed with the wisdom of vast experience and warm with the humanity of a man who wanted to help more people to a just and "more abundant life," these pages will move readers in their recall of momentous years and lost events.

Under such headings as Social Justice, Economic Morality, Liberalism, Education, Tyranny and War are warm, genuine insights into the problems of freedom, security, creativity and peace in a disturbed, changing world. Listen while Roosevelt speaks from the 1930's:

> "We refused to leave the problems of our common welfare to be solved by the winds of chance and the hurricanes of disaster."
>
> "A national defense program intended to protect our democracy (should) not . . . make the rich richer and the poor poorer."
>
> "Our Bunker Hill of tomorrow may be a thousand miles from Boston."

STORY OF AMERICAN PROTESTANTISM. By Andrew Landale Drummond. Boston: The Beacon Press. At all booksellers. $6.

In a recent survey conducted among booksellers, it became clear that competent studies of Protestantism in this country—readable, scholarly, documented, and more than surface-deep—are rare indeed. Some dealers were not able to point to any book on the subject. Many were unable to think of one which had attractive literary style. Several stated that if such a study were made available, they would appreciate the privilege of being able to recommend it to their customers, since they had had requests for such a book.

Advance comments by competent critics of *Story of American Protestantism* by Andrew Landale Drummond, a Scot, which the Beacon Press has just published, indicate that such a book is now to be available. "The succession of religious revivals and coolings, expansions and ebbings, liberalism and fundamentalism, with their effects upon the different types of American Protestantism, are well described and well documented by Dr. Drummond."

Says W. E. Garrison in the Crozer Quarterly: "The book is intelligent, honest, fair, and clear; and it is very good reading."

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consult Emily Post's "Etiquette" and found this on page 351: ". . . the President of the United States is announced simply, 'The President.' . . . He enters first, and alone, of course, and then 'Mrs. Roosevelt,' being announced, follows." The Representative shut the book and snorted, "My stars, Emily, too, must have figured that Roosevelt was immortal!" . . .

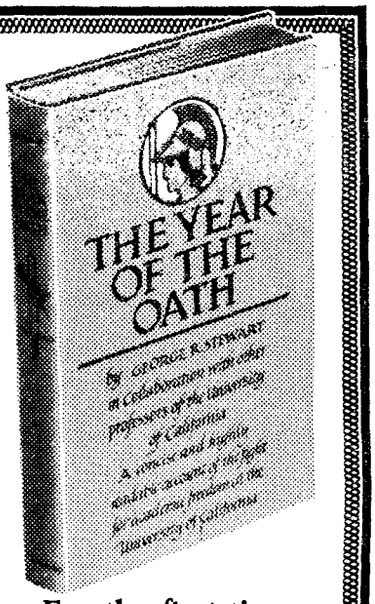
READERS WHO HAVE written me about "V.V.'s Eyes" and the reasons why they do or do not revel in murder yarns will kindly consider this paragraph a note of sincere thanks. You have no idea how pleased I am to receive contributions to TRADE WINDS. May I, however, reprint these gentle reminders: 1. This column is not the place for long, serious poems. 2. Short-story manuscripts should be submitted to magazine editors or agents and not to me. I have neither the time nor facilities for judging them or advising how to market them. 3. Contributors who want unused material returned will please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. . . . I hate to sound stuffy and pompous about this, but if you ever could see the pile of junk, unreasonable requests, and blatant attempts to wangle free publicity for some two-bit client or dubious racket that descend upon every columnist, you would understand why so many of them end up as cantankerous, humorless, egocentric, ulcer-laden old crocks. —BENNETT CERF.

Selfish Reasons

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

I LOVE my neighbor out of loving kindness;
Of pity love my poor unfortunate brother;
Of Christian duty manifest a fondness
For even my enemy, which is a bother.
Indeed, because these loves are so much trouble,
Being on intellect, they're somewhat noble.

But you I love for purely selfish reasons,
As I love birdsong and the smell of rain,
The feel of kitten fur, the changing seasons . . .
My senses' manna, lotus for my brain.
Quite effortless, my love for you, and wholly
Foreign to duty, blessed by not a ghost
Of altruism. Love, I love you solely
For my own pleasure. So I love you most!



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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Precarious Profession

Translations: Literature's Greatest Challenge

ROBERT PICK

—*Landshoff.*

Robert Pick

SOME time ago a New York publisher considering a reissue of some of Arthur Schnitzler's fiction asked me to take a look at the editions which had been published in the United States. I found the translations very good on the whole and even ingenious in parts. At the same time I was struck by what seemed the faded colors of the stories and their slow pace. The moment I turned to the originals, however, that impression left me. Their slightly old-fashioned language did not make them seem dated in the least. Why, then, had the shades of yesterday's idiom encroached on my pleasure in reading the translations? Or, if it had not been those shades, what was it that had?

You might contend that, since we are turning out better doctors or chemists than we did fifty or thirty years ago, we are also training better translators—which, to say the least, is debatable. You might also say that translators are in general not creative writers in their own right and thus belong to a lesser breed of the group of men and women occupied with arranging words. But take one of the greatest achievements of translating — referred to regularly as such — the "German Shakespeare" by A. W. Schlegel and Ludwig Tieck. Both these men were creative writers and poets of no mean distinction, and since their Shakespeare translation is an accomplishment of the early nineteenth century its language is at least as close to German twentieth-century speech as the original's is to present-day English. But for all that, new German Shakespeare translations have appeared ever since the turn of the century, and have been widely acclaimed as "improvements."

While no one in his right mind would think of "modernizing" the classics of his own literature (except for medieval poetry), every generation seems to be fascinated with the idea of retranslating those of other nations. In other words, originals do not become dated to the historically sensitive mind, while even the most careful and beautiful translations are bound to wilt.

We take that phenomenon for granted only in retrospect. The recent Samuel Putnam translation of "Don Quixote" was hailed as "definitive" by some critics. Yet, all its great merits notwithstanding, its mid-twentieth-century language is certain to appear as dated to some future generation, and will put two screens, as it were, between Cervantes and the future reader: Cervantes's own remoteness and the "datedness" of the then-old twentieth-century translation.

As it is, we make allowances for that "double screen" in our relationship to older books in translation, and in fact have grown so used to it that their modern retranslations frequently have an anachronistic effect on us.

It is entirely different with translations of modern books. Here we make hardly any allowances at all. We expect a contemporary foreign book reproduced in our tongue to let us all but forget we are reading a translation.

Yet the writer's art is essentially national. The question as to whether an author's national characteristics have their source in any primary ethnical peculiarities or are shaped by tradition and training need not be gone into in this connection. Suffice it to say that even the loftiest and most universal mind is not free from decidedly national elements in its way of thinking.

A WRITER'S style, of course, mirrors his way of thinking together with its national peculiarities. Since at the same time his style depends on his linguistic medium—being both molded by it and molding it—we face a trinity (way of thinking, style, language) which is not easily split. How, then, does the translator, while trying to retrace an author's particular way of thinking and seeing things, accommodate the reproduction of the author's style to the genius of his own language? How does he manage to remain faithful to the author's style while divorcing it from its natural medium of expression? The past thirty

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years may boast of a number of amazing achievements in the art of translating. For example, C. K. Scott Moncrieff's Proust, the German "Ulysses" by Georg Goyert, E. T. Lowe-Porter's English Thomas Mann, the French Faulkner translations of M.-E. Coindreau, and—the list, to be sure, is not complete—Jean Starr Untermeyer's rendition of Hermann Broch's "Death of Virgil." Each of these translations is stunningly faithful, and each has succeeded in evoking in its readers an empathy for the author's work that evidently could not have been surpassed by a more "accommodating" translation or one that defers more to the literary style prevalent in the translator's language. But in mentioning these extraordinary accomplishments it must be kept in mind that their originals were themselves to a greater or smaller degree outside the literary trends prevalent in their authors' contemporary literatures, and that their fame preceded their issuance in foreign editions. The translator could safely assume—this is by no means suggested to belittle his labors—that domestic readers would be no less prepared than were those abroad to overcome certain obstacles.

No similar assurance accompanies the translator of lesser, or less famous, books in his work. He is aware that he can expect no extraordinary cooperation from his readers—the readers to whom it is his duty to introduce the writer's thoughts. An author is, of course, free to pay no attention to his potential readers and their likely reaction to any difficulties his book may confront them with; his translator cannot help feeling responsible for the author's communication with them. He knows readers will blame him at least as much as the author for anything that hampers that communication, and every passage he finds to be difficult in his first draft makes him wonder how much of that difficulty is inherent in the author's wording and how much is of his own doing.

Thus he is constantly fighting the temptation to adjust his work to the form of presentation his readers are used to in their own literature, to the frame of reference he assumes is at their disposal, and to the most conscientious concepts of the translation's idiom. The specter of "free translation," or even "adaptation," affects him both as a danger sign and a lure.

NO respectable publisher nowadays will bring out the adaptation of a foreign book without calling it exactly that. This was not always so. Nineteenth-century libraries everywhere —to say nothing of earlier times— abounded with "translations" which in truth were books abridged, rearranged,

"Look, Maud, they're reading *my* book!"

and occasionally totally rewritten in the "translator's" tongue. Most of them had, of course, no lasting value even in the original. But more faithful translations of those that had—following their adapted editions after a usually long lapse of time—not only put the latter to shame but also discredited the whole idea of "adapted translations."

It may at first seem paradoxical that adaptations of foreign plays meet with no prejudice whatsoever. The American stage, at any rate, is far from being squeamish about them. But any such "stage version" vanishes with a play's run, and is often survived by a complete translation in book form. Also, a worth-while play is likely to return to the stage at comparatively short intervals, usually in a version adjusted to a new or changed audience. The translation of a book, once in print, has to stand for the book itself for a long time to come. Its translator-adapter can make no changes in order to please an audience that may have outgrown his adaptation.

Yet when all is said and done the expedient of "adaptation" differs only in degree from the various means even the most faithful translator employs. If we divest the word "adaptation" of its technical meaning—to adapt, according to the "American College Dictionary," means to "make suitable to requirements"—we may say that every translator is also an adapter.

In any two languages innumerable words are incongruous, and their incongruity constantly forces the translator into approximations and more or less veiled interpretations. The disparate wealth of any two languages confronts the person translating into the richer tongue with a choice of subtly shaded synonyms, while leading his opposite number into oversimplifications or roundabout expressions. I need not talk about untranslatable words, of which there are comparatively few.

At any rate, the word, the phrase, the figure of speech, etc., bring the translator face to face only with the outermost sphere of his complex problem. In that sphere he is kept aware of the insufficiencies of his medium, and discerns the alternatives accessible to him to counteract them. He finds himself thrown back time and again on his own power of decision. His task is to do the original the smallest possible harm. In short, within that outermost sphere translating is an uninterrupted search for the lesser evils.

The deeper-seated components of the translator's problem—whether connected with the grammatical peculiarities of the original's language, its sentence structure, its flexibility, or (to list one more source of translators' troubles among many) the rhythms germane to the author's idiom as well as his subject matter—have far subtler ways of taxing the skill of the translator. The alternatives which his own language offers, the "lesser evils," no longer present themselves to his mind with immediate clarity.

The more characteristic a peculiarity is of a language (and the way of thinking behind it) the less trans-

(*Continued on page 39*)

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U.S.A. *To exorcize the deceits of Soviet propaganda without embracing the same monolithic type of thinking it fosters calls for the studied balance of a high-wire walker. At least twice in the past year Americans have lost their balance, creating* causes célèbres *which are the subjects of books reviewed here. The affair of the University of California "loyalty oath," discussed by Dixon Wecter in* SRL*'s May 13 issue, is reported more fully in George R. Stewart's "The Year of the Oath." The most flagrant case of McCarthyism is detailed by its victim, Owen Lattimore, in "Ordeal by Slander." But, in their desire to be liberal, writers sometimes echo the Party line, Mark Starr implies in reviewing Charles A. Madison's book on "American Labor Leaders." . . . A volume that will furnish fuel for many warm discussions is the biography of President Truman reviewed below.*

Most Unaverage Average Man

THE MAN OF INDEPENDENCE. By Jonathan Daniels. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 384 *pp.* $3.75.

By Duke Shoop

A "DANIELS" has come to judgment.

In time of crisis or of quiet the country need have no fear of the capabilities of leadership of President Harry S. Truman. The man from Independence, his antecedents, philosophy, and career have been put under the microscopic lens of a devotee of the late Franklin D. Roosevelt and found eminently adapted to the enormous demands of his present great role in American and world history.

This is the underlying theme of the book Jonathan Daniels, Raleigh, North Carolina, editor, writer, and onetime administrative assistant to FDR, has written about a man who boasts he never in his life ran for a job he actually wanted.

The son of the late Josephus Daniels, World War I Secretary of the Navy, who gave young Franklin Roosevelt national political training on a sort of father-and-son basis, went West to Jackson County, Missouri, and the beginning of the Sante Fe trail and discovered that Mr. Truman was the most unaverage average man in America.

The chief source of "The Man of Independence" is President Truman himself. The author spent weeks in Kansas City and around Missouri. He interviewed all the great personages of the late years of the Roosevelt era. Long hours with his subject and thousands of direct quotations of words spoken at Key West, the White House, and Blair House provide an interesting but highly controversial semiautobiography.

Much has been written about Harry Truman's modesty, his humility. His re-election in his own right in 1948 was followed by a quick transformation into a self-assured, almost cocky, Chief Executive who now is willing to call the roll on many party leaders who once befriended him.

The Daniels theme is that Americans felt leaderless when Roosevelt died, but that Truman, under the American system, taught them, as one of them, that their greatness lies in themselves. The editor-author-political aristocrat from the Tar Heel State agrees that any of the young tykes today in Hopalong Cassidy suits have the same chance as the bespectacled child who played the piano, helped mother with the cooking and dishes, but failed to make a success of any business enterprise.

The reporter's instinct in Daniels has enabled him to come up with a wealth of new material that will be manna for political writers and columnists. For instance, the effort of Harry Truman to disassociate himself from being a part and parcel of the Pendergast machine will be interesting news to the precinct captains back in Kansas City. "He was loyal to Pendergast, but never subservient to him," Daniels writes. "The suggestion that he was left a scar."

Then there is the President's remark to the author, in talking about the Potsdam Conference, "Stalin is as near like Tom Pendergast as any man I know." Everyone remembers Truman's "I can get along with old Joe" remark in the 1948 Presidential campaign.

What an ironical twist to history and fate is the story of how Roosevelt told Truman he couldn't win renomination in 1940 after Boss Pendergast had gone to prison in disgrace for his income-

THE AUTHOR: Jonathan Daniels blushes off any personal ribbons for the miraculous poll of '48, although granting "there were things coming up all the time that we discussed" on his nationwide campaign tour with Harry Truman that year. Having been FDR's administrative assistant from 1943-45, then White House press secretary, Daniels at first was, quite naturally, "shocked by the transition . . . Roosevelt always seemed *the* President." What calmed his alarms is explained in "The Man of Independence." "I tried to use Truman as a case history to show what this democracy *is* we talk so much about," a philosophy in which he had intimate example from his father, the late, revered Josephus Daniels, who was Secretary of the Navy under Wilson, Ambassador to Mexico, and publisher of the liberal Raleigh, N. C., *News and Observer.* Jonathan used to think that by the time he became the paper's editor, now a full-time job, "father would have everything settled and there wouldn't be anything left for me," but after his cub days on the Louisville *Times* and Daniels daily he managed to find a task here and there along the parental path. And when he was appointed assistant director of the OCD in charge of civilian mobilization his good municipal works and ken of the country at large were well taken by a benign Congress and an electorate long appreciative of his magazine articles and books, "A Southerner Discovers the South" and "A Southerner Discovers New England." Of recent years, although increasingly loath to be labeled with any particular cause per se, as he was with the New Deal, Daniels has been active with the Advisory Board of ECA, the Federal Hospital Council, public health development, the U.N.'s Subcommittee on Prevention of Discrimination and Protection of Minorities, and the Democratic National Committee. "A newspaper editor is in everything that comes up" and if his "arteries are hardening and a few other things are happening" these days, you wouldn't know it to look at him. —R. G.

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—*Russell in* The Los Angeles Times.

"They Love Me, They Love Me Not."

—*Seibel in* The Richmond Times-Dispatch.

"The Thin Gray Line."

—*Kennedy in* The Arkansas Democrat.

"Showing 'Em Who Carries the Weight."

tax frauds! It is news to this reporter, who has followed the career of Harry Truman for twenty years, that Roosevelt offered Truman an appointment to the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Of course, Truman declined the proffer of the safe job, went on to win renomination by a scant 8,000 votes in a three-way race that found Roosevelt quietly favoring Gov. Floyd C. Stark, the millionaire nurseryman who had first accepted Pendergast's support, then aided the Government in dethroning the mighty dictator of Missouri's Democracy.

When historians get around to the 1944 convention in Chicago and the manner in which Henry Wallace was dumped overboard, they need not bother too much with Daniels's account. After interviewing a score of persons who had or claimed to have had a hand in making the protégé of Pendergast the man of destiny, the author gives up and more or less tells the reader to take his choice of the various versions.

In July of that year FDR was tired and worn. He was playing cagey, hard to get, had little time to talk politics. He was preparing for a secret trip to Hawaii to meet General MacArthur. The late Robert E. Hannegan and others were determined to ditch Wallace. With the aid of Ed Pauley, the rich California oil man, and even General "Pa" Watson, the President's military aide, much conniving was done to bring influence on Roosevelt that Wallace's nomination might result in a Republican victory.

All interested persons have now read that Roosevelt finally agreed to either Justice William O. Douglas or Truman. Then there was the story about the "clear it with Sidney" ultimatum that FDR gave his convention managers. The story of how Hannegan boarded the President's special train in the Chicago yards and obtained a new note to the effect that he would take "either Harry Truman or Bill Douglas" has been written time and again. But the accounts told by the Big Bosses—Kelly of Chicago, Flynn of The Bronx, and Hague of Jersey City—differ. So do those of Frank Walker and the late Sidney Hillman. But one thing is certain—the late Bob Hannegan engineered the victory for his fellow Missourian and left in his strong box at the time of his death his desire that his tombstone record for posterity that he was the man who kept Henry Wallace from the Presidency.

As the Roosevelt special train sped into the Western sunset that historic July evening the President and his group were enjoying their before-dinner cocktails. Admiral William Leahy, Chief of Staff to the Commander-in-Chief, remembers the occasion and told Daniels of it. The President confided that the convention would name Truman to be his running mate.

"Who the hell is Truman?" the salty old admiral inquired. Admiral Leahy later found out and continued to serve Truman until the end of the war.

Next day in Chicago Hannegan felt he had things well enough in hand to tell his fellow Missourian that everything was set for his nomination. Hannegan announced that FDR himself had requested Truman as his running mate.

"Tell Roosevelt to go to hell. I'm for Jimmy Byrnes," Truman retorted, according to the author.

Jimmy Byrnes and the Man of Independence were cronies in those days but three years later they came to the parting of the ways. Byrnes was eased out as Secretary of State and Truman said of him to Daniels, "He [Byrnes] ran out on me when the going was tough and I needed him the worst."

Yes, there is much interesting reading in Daniels's extraordinary story of the rise of the Missouri farm boy to the Presidency. There is verification for the first time of the fact that the President was within a few hours of dispatching Chief Justice Fred M. Vinson to Moscow in October 1948 to talk peace terms with Joe Stalin. Truman's coterie of advisors conceived the Vinson proposal as a dramatic gesture if not a desperate one when it looked like a Dewey landslide. But Truman insisted on asking General George C. Marshall, then his Secretary of State, about it. Marshall was in Paris attending the conference of foreign ministers. Marshall talked Truman out of it and thus aborted the Vinson mission to Moscow.

Truman believed implicitly in General Marshall. Author Daniels is sure of this confidence. Truman himself once told me he considered George Marshall "the greatest living American." It's no surprise that in his latest pinch he turned to him again and named him Secretary of Defense.

"The Man of Independence" does great credit to the long months of research and study of the journalist-politician from Raleigh. Daniels spent so much time in Jackson County the past year, with his black Homburg and impeccable manners, that many of Harry's old cronies sidled up to him at the bars and accepted him as one of the boys.

Mention has been omitted from this review of the first hundred pages of the book, devoted to the genealogy of the Truman and Bess Wallace families. The neighbors back home may enjoy Daniels's family-tree tracing. Maybe even Westbrook Pegler will find something in the background of the mule-swapper's son. But from this end the interesting point Daniels seeks to emphasize is that Harry Truman is a born liberal—that he was for Bryan and Wilson and against Champ Clark and Jim Reed—and that he can be counted upon to carry forward the ideals of the man whom he succeeded.

Duke Shoop is Washington correspondent for the Kansas City Star.

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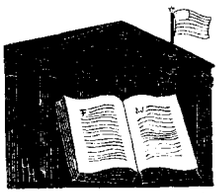
Twisted Arms Among the Ivy

THE YEAR OF THE OATH. By George R. Stewart. New York: Doubleday & Co. 156 pp. $2.

By Irving Stone

AT THE CLOSE of the school year in May 1949 the University of California was one of the world's greatest educational institutions, attracting the ablest professors and students from every nation on earth. Today, only a year and a half later, it stands torn by civil war between its faculty and regents, its teaching and research capacities seriously impaired. The full story of this disruptive year, possibly the most tragic in our history of education, is told by George R. Stewart in "The Year of the Oath," a brilliant and searing study which in microcosm is the story of our contemporary democracy striving to keep itself from being enslaved by enemies from within.

What caused this explosion at an institution that had lived at comparative peace with itself for almost a hundred years? The straight-line story is uncomplicated, the repercussions are terrifyingly complex. In January of 1949 Comptroller James H. Corley, in his capacity as University representative in the Legislature, suggested to President Robert G. Sproul that in order to forestall legislation possibly injurious to the University he recommend to its Board of Regents that an anti-Communist oath be required of all faculty members. Instead of discarding this suggestion as immeasurably dangerous and uniting the regents to fight any such forthcoming legislation, Sproul presented this "loyalty oath" proposal to the regents on March 25, and it was unanimously adopted. Shortly thereafter it became apparent that the Legislature could not possibly have pushed through any such special oath law, but by now the regents were embarked on a "loyalty oath" crusade of their own.



In May, through the *Faculty Bulletin*, every teaching employee of the University was notified that in addition to signing the regular oath of loyalty to the Federal and state constitutions, he would be obliged to sign a new oath that read, "*I am not a member of the Communist Party, or under any oath, or a party to any agreement, or under any commitment that is in conflict with my obligation under this oath.*"

As Stewart makes crystal-clear at the outset, the issue was never the existence of Communists on the eight varied University campuses; at the end of a full year of intensive search one lady piano player at the UCLA gymnasium was fired, as was one teaching assistant at Berkeley who admitted that he had formerly been a member! The faculty at California is agreed that a member of the Communist Party should not be on the faculty because no committed Communist is a free agent, free to search for or communicate the truth. The president and the regents had now assumed the position of the American political party called "The Barnburners," which advocated burning down the barn in order to get rid of the rats. Not a particularly wise economy, but when you realize that there had been no evidence of rats, then you get the full picture of the kind of thinking involved.

An overwhelming majority of the faculty refused to sign. Why wouldn't they sign since they were not Communists and had no sympathy for Communist objectives? Because it was a threat to academic freedom, the freedom within an educational institution to teach and to be taught the truth; because it destroyed academic tenure, the right of a teacher after he has amply demonstrated his competence and character, to hold his job. Stewart observes, "Men and women of spirit object to having a knife put at their throats." Governor Earl Warren pointed out immediately (he fought the oath from start to finish) that the oath was not only ineffectual and discriminatory but illegal as well. In addition, it set the most dangerous kind of precedent: next year why could not the oath read, "I am not a member of the Blank Religion," and the year after that, "I am not a member of the Blank Lodge . . . or the intelligentsia. . . ." Far-fetched? Read Chapter Ten called "This Is the Way It Begins" and watch the identical process unfold in Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy.

By the end of sixteen months of unrelenting pressure most of the faculty had slowly given way and signed. Their health also gave way, as did their strength and enthusiasm for teaching. Friendships were broken, confidences injured, the unity of departments shattered, bright young teachers advised not to accept appointments.

On April 21, 1950, through an alumni compromise the special oath was rescinded though its context was transferred to the regular employment contract, and those who still refused to sign were assured a hearing before the Academic Senate. If cleared of all suspicion of Communist taint they were to be allowed to remain without signing the oath clauses. It looked as though peace had been restored, but a hard core of ten regents, who master-minded what Stewart reluctantly concludes has become a power drive to control all phases of the University, repudiated their former agreement and ruled, "Sign-or-get-out." By this time President Sproul was voting with the faculty, but it was too late to repair the damage.

The voting of the regents offers an interesting study in political irony: of the four Democratic regents appointed by Democratic Governor Culbert Olson, three of them voted antiliberal, pro-oath, and only one voted for the faculty; of the seven Republican regents appointed by Republican Governor Earl Warren, four voted pro-liberal, antioath, two did not vote at all, and only one voted against the faculty.

The essence of the conflict was revealed on August 21, 1950, when Dr. Walter W. Horn, acting chairman of the Art Department, was quoted in the national press, as he signed the oath upon being recalled to active duty as a captain in Army Intelligence:

> Being thus confronted a second time with disruption of my academic career, and feeling unable to expose my wife and son to the consequences of being denied continuance of my civilian occupation upon return from military duty, it is with profound regret that I find myself compelled to yield to the pressure which the regents saw fit to exercise in order to exhort from me a declaration concerning my political beliefs.

Perhaps Dr. Horn should be forgiven if sometime in the heat of battle he stops and asks himself, "Just what am I fighting for?" And in the event he is assigned to teach captured North Koreans the difference between democracy and Communism, could he become just the tiniest bit confused? Would he not perhaps be entitled to ask himself, "If we are to be deprived of our most valuable freedoms, does it make any appreciable difference whether our enslavement comes from the extreme left or the extreme right?"

This book was not written by George Stewart alone; he was helped in both the writing and research by seventy faculty members who opposed the oath. Mr. Stewart and the University of California faculty deserve our heartiest thanks. If we survive, it will be because we have idealists and fighters of their caliber to match our men on the battlefields.

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—*Acme.*

Walter P. Reuther, Philip Murray, Harry Bridges, David Dubinsky, Sidney Hillman, John L. Lewis—"an ex-haberdasher can become a heaven-stormer."

'Twixt Sylvis and Bridges

AMERICAN LABOR LEADERS. By Charles A. Madison. New York: Harper & Bros. 474 pp. $4.

By MARK STARR

CARLYLE'S exaggeration of the role of great men in society should not blind us to the fact that individuals are important. Carlyle insisted that the great man was the creator of his age, while the strict Marxian insisted that he was only the creature. Possibly the truth lies in between such conflicting views. The "hero" equipped with energy and insight can epitomize his age and, by understanding and cooperating with the trends of his time, become a leader with a place in the history books as well as in the ephemeral current "Who's Who."

A great man is remembered because he correctly interprets and successfully meets the needs of his epoch. If Henry Ford had championed the return to the velocipede, he would be missing from the records of our century. If John L. Lewis had advocated craft guilds instead of organizations by industry, the cartoonists would have ignored his eyebrows. Then, too, we know that great historic moments produce great historic figures. A lanky, small-town lawyer with a fund of homespun wit becomes a Lincoln in the bloody travail to unite the United States. An ex-haberdasher can become a heaven-stormer and propose, under the stress and strain of a war-torn world, such precedent-breaking plans as Point IV. And the reader can make up his own additions to such a list of men made great by the great occasion.

Charles Madison has recognized that there is no better or more interesting way of interpreting the labor movement than by choosing certain outstanding personalities and making them the peg on which forces and movements can be hung for analysis and explanation. In his "Critics and Crusaders" (1947) he ranged from John Brown to John Reed to examine the Abolitionists, Utopians, Anarchists, the dissident economists (e.g., Henry George, Veblen), the militant liberals, and Socialists. In this present book his sober method, with none of the jazzy "profiles" of the popular magazines, yields good results for men prominent in the labor movement. He starts with W. H. Sylvis in the 1860's and ends with Harry Bridges in the sixteen leaders covered.

However, perhaps impatient with humdrum facts from his long historical studies, or misled by his fuzzy sympathies with the so-called Left, Madison, in his treatment of current labor leaders in the current scene, ignores completely Communist infiltration into the unions and shows naivete and misjudgment combined with incomplete information amounting to distortion. William Hutcheson of the Carpenters Union is his villain; Harry Bridges is the hero who personifies all the desirable qualities of a labor leader. One wonders whether the repudiation of Harry Bridges by the CIO, and even by sections of his own union, would at all affect Mr. Madison's description of him as a "militant and consummate labor leader." More recently, Harry Bridges, the author's hero, has had his bail canceled for a short period because it was feared that he would have used his influence to hold up supplies needed in Korea, since he agreed with the Soviet allegation that the canary had fiercely attacked the cat.

Philip Murray has, according to Mr. Madison, "gradually gravitated to the fleshpot philosophy of business unionism" while W. Z. Foster is called, in describing the steel strike of 1919, the "most astute organizer in the American Federation of Labor." Walter Reuther receives the author's scorn for his attacks upon the Communists "by insinuation and vilification" and he opines that Reuther "is too ambitious and too vain not to be affected adversely by the power he now wields."

As an example of incomplete and distorted information, Mr. Madison praises Sidney Hillman for staying with the American Labor Party and accuses David Dubinsky of disruption because he acted otherwise. This is as if one told the story of Henry Wallace and stopped before June 25, or (to use an older incident) as if the story of the prodigal son ended with the swine. Surely Mr. Madison must know, and his publisher's reader should know, that the CIO unions in New York repudiated the Hillman policy and abandoned the American Labor Party as a Communist-controlled organization. Similarly, the author praises the work of Sidney Hillman in setting up the World Federation of Trade Unions, which also has been since repudiated by the CIO, which has now joined with the hotly criticized Dubinsky and the AFL to form the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions.

As an example of fuzzy-minded perversion of facts and history, Mr. Madison—misreader and misleader in this matter—accepts in every detail the Communist Party version of the disastrous internal fight of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union in the early Twenties, which ended with Communist defeat. It is regrettable that radical sympathy and personal bias spoil the scholarship, industry, and effort represented by the volume.

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Anti-Semitism in '49

A MEASURE OF FREEDOM. By Arnold Foster. New York: Doubleday & Co. 256 pp. $2.50.

By MILTON R. KONVITZ

LAST year the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith published its "survey of anti-Semitism in the United States in 1948" under the title "How Secure These Rights?" by Professor Ruth G. Weintraub. "A Measure of Freedom" is ADL's report for 1949. The author is director of the civil rights division of the League.

The book is factual and reportorial. It tells the story of the KKK, especially as it operated last year in the state of the Hon. Herman Talmadge; it describes the activities of Gerald L. K. Smith, Joseph P. Kamp, Upton Chase, Merwin K. Hart, and A. Alderson Zoll; it lists and describes the anti-Semitic activities of sixty-six organizations and forty-nine periodicals; it reports on the antics of Congressmen John Rankin, Ed Gossett, and Clare Hoffman; it summarizes the Elmo Roper opinion polls concerned with anti-Semitic attitudes; it reports on efforts to end the quota system in American universities and colleges; it offers a "model" fair educational practices bill; it offers data on anti-Semitism in baseball, basketball, football, hockey, and boxing; finally, it reports on new legislation, court decisions, and rulings affecting civil rights.

Arnold Foster — "the over-all picture was heartening."

The year 1949 saw a decline in organized anti-Semitism and fewer incidents of hoodlumism directed against Jews in the United States. The ADL investigators found American radio and television broadcasting virtually free of religious prejudice, and the American press "even freer of prejudicial error than radio and television." On the other hand, opinion polls indicate that anti-Semitism, in so far as it can be measured by the belief that Jews have too much power, "has been definitely on the increase." Notable progress was made last year on the legislative front: four states adopted FEPC acts, three states passed laws dealing with discrimination in publicly assisted housing projects, New Jersey and Connecticut strengthened their civil rights acts, Texas passed an anti-lynching act, seven states passed laws directed against discrimination and segregation in their state militias, and Alabama enacted an antimask act.

The author correctly points out that by comparison with previous years there was "true and substantial progress" in 1949; "the over-all picture was heartening."

Like the ADL report for 1948, "A Measure of Freedom" is a valuable survey. It is regrettable, however, that all the important organizations concerned with the fight for expanding civil rights—the NAACP, the ACLU, the American Jewish Congress, the American Jewish Committee, as well as the ADL—have not thus far found it possible to publish a single, comprehensive annual survey. A partial beginning toward this goal, however, has been made by the American Jewish Congress and the NAACP—a step which shows progress toward substantial cooperation among our legal defense organizations.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 380

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 380 will be found in the next issue.

SRRSQPOPSA BCDBEQ

PAZCBYXQ OWX

XAOWKQPBQO, AXLXN

FSALXNOQ WPY. QFWPCCXN

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 379

An empty bag cannot stand upright.

—H. G. BOHN: "Handbook of Proverbs"

Ordeal of Democracy

ORDEAL BY SLANDER. By Owen Lattimore. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 236 pp. $2.75.

By DUNCAN AIKMAN

THIS is a tense and indignant blow-by-blow account of one man's, and his family's struggles against one of the most hysterical smear campaigns in the history of American political billingsgate.

Late last March Owen Lattimore, a long-term expert of formidable standing on Chinese and Far Eastern affairs, was serving on a United Nations technical mission in Kabul, Afghanistan. Suddenly a cable was delivered to him stating that Senator Joseph R. McCarthy (R., Wis.) had charged him with being the top Russian espionage agent in the United States. Along with the direct accusation went sinister insinuations that Dr. Lattimore, as an influential State Department adviser, was the "architect" of the foreign policy which had "caused" the loss of China to the Communists.

Lattimore flew home at once to the United States, and in a series of memorable hearings before a subcommittee of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in Washington blew the charges fully out of water. But this was done at a cost of many thousand dollars in legal expenses, of several lost months in a university professor's and professional writer's working time, and of all the emotional, mental, and neurotic stresses and strains that go with defending reputations against major defamatory onslaughts.

Even now some of the smear still sticks. At least once this summer a Lattimore speaking engagement was canceled by a vote of a suspicious summer-hotel audience. More recently, *The Saturday Evening Post* saw fit to imply editorially that the Senate's inquisition into the Lattimore views was wholesome and desirable in view of our Government's proper concern with the question of "how we lost China"—which is a good deal like saying that a neat way to inquire into a distinguished physician's opinions of psychotherapy is to bring him to trial on charges of sadistic murder.

So it is good for what is left of the American democratic conscience to have the Lattimore story fully and eloquently told. The account makes clear, of course, what was actually rebutted. No evidence whatever was produced to substantiate Senator McCarthy's charge of Soviet espionage, or the one made by a soiled ex-Communist witness, Louis F. Budenz, former New York *Daily Worker* edi-

(*Continued on page 38*)

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Fiction. *Of the many reasons offered for the lagging sales of fiction this spring and summer, an obvious one should not be underestimated—little has been published to excite either readers or critics. The long lull may now be broken, for here are eight uncommonly fine works. Five of the writers are newcomers to American fiction, although one, Tennessee Williams ("The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone"), is one of the theatre's chief ornaments. The other Americans, Margaret Long ("Louisville Saturday") and Leon Statham ("Welcome Darkness") as well as the English Frank Tilsley ("Champion Road") and the Italian Riccardo Bacchelli ("The Mill on the Po") offer performance as well as promise in their initial efforts. The newly published works of Walter Van Tilburg Clark, Henry Green, and Henry James underscore reputations already well established.*

Unmaking of a Self-Made Man

CHAMPION ROAD. By Frank Tilsley. New York: Julian Messner. 563 pp. $3.50.

By A. J. CRONIN

EVER since the death of Arnold Bennett I have been looking for someone to step into his shoes. Bennett, like Balzac, was a true Man from the Provinces and although, like many other authors before and since, he followed Dr. Johnson's advice and wrote for money, this did not prevent his producing several regional novels of working-class life, amongst which two, at least, may now be rated as neglected masterpieces.

In "Champion Road" Frank Tilsley has not quite achieved the standard of "Riceyman Steps" or "The Old Wives Tale"; nevertheless there are qualities in his book reminiscent of these more important works.

His theme is banal enough: in brief, the making and unmaking of a self-made man. Johnny Briggs is a poor Lancashire boy who, at seven years of age, starts to earn a wage delivering morning newspapers for Pa Hesketh. Even in his early days Johnny discovers that there are easier ways of making money than those of strict honesty—much to the distress of little Nellie Greenhalgh, who also works for Pa Hesketh. Johnny is a fine footballer and because of this secures a good job with the local builder.

Then comes 1914 and the war; Johnny enlists but marries Nellie before he goes off. He rises to the rank of sergeant while Nellie at home works at the mill and makes a cozy place of their little house in Champion Road.

On his return from the war Johnny goes back to his building job but, as the boom in cotton shares is beginning, he speculates successfully and is smart enough to get out before the crash. This capital Nellie refuses to touch; she does not consider it honestly earned.

Meanwhile the building trade is flourishing and, as everyone wants houses, Johnny sets up for himself, first in a small, then in a large way. Having become a man of substance, director of several companies, he decides to build a really fine home for Nellie. But she refuses to leave Champion Road, reasoning that the new house is too big for her. Also, it was built with speculative money.

They drift apart and Johnny gets friendly with his partner's wife, Eva—a sophisticated, childless female who becomes his mistress. But when Johnny's ten-year-old daughter, Peggy, is killed in a motor accident he and Nellie come together again. A boy, Steven, is born the following year.

When World War II breaks out, Johnny, although now middle-aged, enlists in the RAF and goes to the Middle East to supervise the construction of air strips. His return, however, is less triumphant than from the first conflict. The building trade has gone to pot, his own affairs have reached a crisis, and, after several involved transactions, he becomes a bankrupt.

Frank Tilsley—"lusty at all costs."

Finally he returns to Nellie in Champion Road, realizing that at last she is happy, in that he will have to go to work in the mill, bring back a weekly pay envelope, and be really respectable.

Conventional though this story may be, Mr. Tilsley has brought to the telling of it a fine, confident gusto which carries the reader along. And he has managed to capture something of the true savor of North Country provincial life. His characters have that dour inflexibility leavened by flashes of satiric humor which distinguishes the dweller in gray, inhospitable climes. His detail is authentic and woven to a convincing texture: we breathe throughout an atmosphere of muck from the surrounding mill chimneys, hear the early-morning clatter of women's clogs on greasy cobblestones, sniff the Sunday aroma of potato pie from the modest cottage rows. But, best of all, he has created, in the life-long conflict between Johnny and his wife, Nellie, a minute record of the clash of two strong temperaments, joined together in marriage, shaken and tested by success and failure, which stands out as a memorable study of human personality.

The fault of this novel, if one so regards it, is an embarrassment of riches, an excess of literary vitality, an overplus of plot. There are too many dramatic moments, a redundancy of exciting incidents, a superfluity of those created situations which belong to the technique of storytelling and not to the even, monotonous tenor of real life. Mr. Tilsley's favorite painter is clearly Meissonier, not Manet. And one gets the impression that he has set his teeth and goaded himself on to be lusty at all costs, to sustain the overtones, to cram in characters simply bursting with life.

It is said of Zola when he was writing "Lourdes" that he went on a diet of bread and milk in order to subdue his more robustious tendencies. Not all the austerities of English fare, however, have toned down Mr. Tilsley's exuberant flesh and blood. One wonders, almost in awe, what he could have done on a diet of rare Porterhouse steaks!

Nevertheless, he is to be congratulated on his achievement. He is not yet wearing Arnold Bennett's shoes. He may, in fact, never wear them. But he has got one foot in the right cobbler's shop.

A. J. Cronin is author of a number of memorable novels, including "Hatter's Castle," "The Green Years," and "The Spanish Gardener."

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From the Jamesian Scrap Heap

EIGHT UNCOLLECTED TALES OF HENRY JAMES. Edited with an introduction by Edna Kenton. New Brunswick, N. J.: Rutgers University Press. 312 pp. $4.25.

By Kenneth B. Murdock

A MAJOR proof of Henry James's artistic conscience was his stern rejection of those of his works which he thought not worth saving. He published his first story in 1865 and brought out twenty-seven more before 1877. He reprinted a dozen in volumes issued in 1875 and 1885, but when he made his selection for the collected edition of 1908 he found room for only three. Of course, he was limited for space but his exclusion of nine-tenths of his earliest tales had other reasons. His vigorous concentration for more than forty years on the craft of fiction had by 1908 taught him so much that he could judge some of his youthful efforts almost as if they had been someone else's.

After his death his pious disciples were less severe and they have reprinted many of the things he did not. In the present volume Miss Kenton exhumes five stories which have not seen the light since they first came out in magazines dating from 1867 through 1876. She includes three others which, although never "collected" by James, have been reprinted. One of these, "Gabrielle de Bergerac," a long romantic tale and on the whole a good one, was reissued by itself in 1918. Two others, "The Haunted Rental" and "The Story of a Year," one a ghost story and the other a narrative of two lovers whose course was made rough by the Civil War, have been included in recent volumes edited by Leon Edel and F. O. Matthiessen. The five now reprinted for the first time are none of them bad, but it is unlikely that James felt any severe pangs about letting them be forgotten. One is the story of a man who falls in love with a woman whose child he has accidentally killed; one is about an artist, his model, and the revelation made by a portrait, and is faintly suggestive of the later and better "The Real Thing"; one tells of a man's adventures in trying to revenge a friend against a girl who has supposedly broken his heart, and a fourth is a rather puzzling picture of a man presumably brokenhearted who preserves and manifests his "equanimity" in a surprising, not to say incredible, way. The fifth, "The Problem," is the weakest of the lot. It deals with a man and his wife who are curiously disturbed by the prophecy made independently to each that each would marry twice. Possibly their reactions seemed credible in 1868; in 1950 they do not and it is unlikely that they did in 1908. James was surely wise to do his best to confer the charity of oblivion on "The Problem."

Miss Kenton's introduction shows the expert hand of an admirer of James who knows and understands all facets of his work. She considers the reprinting of the early tales worth while principally because they reveal some of the ways in which during his apprentice years he prepared himself for his later triumphs. There are in each of the stories hints of the process by which he learned his mastery. He began very early to show loyalty to some of the critical principles which he clung to all his life, to experiment in technique, and to concentrate on the characteristically Jamesian "moral" as essential to fiction. The tales also display vividly how many faults he had to cure before he could achieve his best work. To compare the Cambridge setting in "The Haunted Rental" with his reminiscences of the same scene in his 1905 notebook is to see at once how arduous was his struggle to perfect his diction and style. His benevolent asides to the reader in the early stories are annoyingly intrusive but they are almost worth enduring as a reminder of how important and how difficult must have been his struggle for the fully realistic objectivity in which he later excelled.

The publication of "Eight Uncollected Tales" means that the fifteen of his earliest stories which James chose not to reprint are now all accessible (Albert Mordell printed the other seven in his "Travelling Companions" in 1919). Students, scholars, and reverent Jacobeans should be grateful since no complete edition of James exists. For others, the tales in Miss Kenton's volume will hardly be required reading, although some of them may still be amusing. But the editor's introduction is in a different category and should be read by anyone, interested in James or not, who is concerned with any aspect of the art and science in which the good storytellers in all genres and at all times have had to perfect themselves.

Kenneth B. Murdock, professor of English at Harvard University, is co-editor of "The Notebooks of Henry James" published several years ago.

Cats and Kings

By Alfred Noyes

WITH wide unblinking stare
The cat looked; but she did not see the king.
She only saw a two-legged creature there
Who, in due time, might have tit-bits to fling.

The king was on his throne.
In his left hand he grasped the golden ball.
She looked at him with eyes of bright green stone.
And thought, *What fun if he should let it fall.*

With swishing tail she lay
And thought, *What fun if he should let it fall.*
The essential king, was brooding far away
In his own world with hope and memory.

O, cats are subtle now,
And kings are mice to many a modern mind;
And yet there throbbed behind that human brow
The strangely simple thoughts that serve mankind.

The gulf might not be wide;
But over it, at least, no cat could spring.
So once again an ancient adage lied.
The cat looked; but she never saw the king.

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Women Without Men

LOUISVILLE SATURDAY. By Margaret Long. New York: Random House. 278 pp. $2.75.

By Elizabeth Janeway

HERE is an exceptional first novel, written with firmness and style, with warmth and insight. Miss Long has taken as her theme women in wartime. The place is Louisville, the period October 1942, the occasion a parade of the Armored Division which was training at Fort Knox. Eleven women among the crowds who watch the parade are singled out and followed through the rest of the day. Their stories are unrelated by plot. But they are superbly related by emotional content. Miss Long has scorned to use mechanical tricks of the "Grand Hotel" type to tie her characters together in action. She has been willing to see them connected only by esthetic criteria. Thus, each girl or woman, presented within the confines of her own story, increases our understanding of the women we have met earlier and those whose tales are still to be told. At the end Miss Long has achieved a many-sided yet unified comment on the relationship between men and women in a time of stress and parting and excitement.

It is not, one feels, the whole story of women in wartime or an entirely fair comment. Two wives whose husbands are away and a girl who is engaged to a man who is not in Louisville are all unfaithful to their men. Miss Long is on their side because their men are not right for them; they are weaklings or misfits compared with the other soldiers from Fort Knox she presents to her lonely ladies. It doesn't seem quite fair. The two women who are faithful to absent husbands, moreover, are represented as having just borne or being about to bear a child. A young wife who is about to be left as her husband is shipped out begs him to let her have another child. It seems an odd quirk of Miss Long's thought; it seems, indeed, too bitter a comment on women (in the opinion of this one) to present them as faithful to their men only when a small and demanding baby takes up their time and satisfies their need to love.

To argue with Miss Long over the theme she has chosen is in no way to detract from the skill with which she presents it. Her eleven women, from imbecile Onie to lovely Ellen, are each a rounded personality, caught whole, and presented as living and breathing truth. If there is any comparison at all to make among the character studies here, it is the astonishing one that Miss Long succeeds best when writing about happiness and good fortune. The number of contemporary writers who can be convincing about despair is only too large. Miss Long can write about love at first sight without any wisp of sentimentality and make you believe in it completely. She can set a four-year-old girl to singing and tell a story through her eyes, in the very rhythm of a happy girl-child's words and thoughts.

She can write about trouble, too: about the horror of loneliness which can project a forty-two-year-old virgin into the abyss of Lesbianism. About the inability of a mother whose only son has died in a Japanese prison-camp to accept her loss, and her growing involvement in alcoholism. About brutality and misunderstanding and frustration. And always she writes with an eye for the exact action, and with an ear for the precise turn of phrase which makes each of these stories a triumph of reporting as well as a brilliant synthesis of character.

—*Meriwether.*

Margaret Long—"brilliant synthesis of character."

Walter Van Tilburg Clark—"finest Western ever written."

The Nature Stage

THE WATCHFUL GODS and Other Stories. By Walter Van Tilburg Clark. New York: Random House. 306 pp. $2.75.

By Ray B. West, Jr.

THERE is a young generation of American writers for whom nothing nearing a final evaluation can yet be made. Yet the day approaches when we must be prepared to say whether such authors as Eudora Welty, Wallace Stegner, Irwin Shaw, Carson McCullers, Peter Taylor, or the author of the present volume have fulfilled what the critics called the "promise" of their early work—a day when it will be not too unreasonable to compare their work with that of Ernest Hemingway, William Faulkner, and Katherine Anne Porter, if not with Hawthorne, Melville, Mark Twain, and Henry James.

Such a day has not yet arrived for Walter Van Tilburg Clark, but we can go so far, I think, as to say that he has achieved in "The Ox-Bow Incident" the finest Western story ever written, not even excluding "The Blue Hotel" or the better known "Jumping Frog of Calaveras County." Neither of Clark's later novels, "The City of Trembling Leaves" or "The Track of the Cat," quite came up to the excellence of "The Ox-Bow Incident," yet both suggested an author seriously preoccupied with his craft, intent upon widening the boundaries of his perception, not content with merely repeating his first success.

Now we have "The Watchful Gods," his first collection of short fiction to appear in book form. Made up of nine short stories and one very long one (which some readers will undoubtedly insist upon calling a novelette or a short novel), this volume reinforces our awareness of that combination of personal integrity and artful concentration which, aside from his Western settings, is the trade-mark of Mr. Clark's talent.

The nine short stories in the book have appeared in magazines from *The Atlantic* to the *Rocky Mountain Review*, and several of them have been anthologized, but the long story from which the book takes its title appears here for the first time. The stories included (and they do not represent the sum total of the author's previously published short fiction) make use of the Western scene, not merely as locale or as spurious "color," but as an actual ingredient of the story. More space than is here available would be needed adequately to illustrate this point, but the main fact is that the activities of the Western setting seem al-

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ways to be under examination, as though the author recognized the challenge to investigate the relationship of the human being to an environment which has too often frustrated the attempts of the writer to subdue it.

Mr. Clark's nature is not the idyllic world of nineteenth-century romanticism; neither is it a world of irrational malevolence such as that portrayed by our literary naturalists. Nature represents, rather, a stage whereon man's actions of necessity become more clearly defined. Three of the stories ("Hook," "The Buck in the Hills," and "The Watchful Gods"), for instance, concern what might be called "the ethic of the hunt." In all of them it is the ethical problem (good and evil, if you wish) which is at the center of the story, illuminated anew by man's nearness to the elemental forces of earth.

In the one story not given a specifically Western setting ("Why Don't You Look Where You're Going?"), Mr. Clark portrays the irony of man's splendid arrogance in the face of elemental power—the power of the sea and the power of the machine. But there is another side to this coin, and "the watchful gods" are those who preserve man's relation to nature, the "primitive sprites" exulting in a temperate relationship, the "fog spirit" hovering ominously to exact penance for excessive depredation. Above and beyond this theme, of course, is the story itself, enlarged and enriched by the author's art.

If "The Watchful Gods" does not achieve finally the significance of Mr. Clark's first novel, if it does not carry the weight of the collected stories of an Ernest Hemingway or a William Faulkner, it does, even so, become one of the few distinguished "first collections" to appear in our time, comparable with such volumes as Hemingway's "In Our Time," Faulkner's "These Thirteen," Caroline Gordon's "A Forest of the South," and Eudora Welty's "A Curtain of Green."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 861)

THOMAS W. COPELAND:
[*OUR EMINENT FRIEND*]
EDMUND BURKE
(*Six essays published by Yale University Press*, 1949)

Burke himself believed, . . . apparently with no special feelings of bitterness, that in a more innocent kind of abuse other than a scurrilous-period press attack . . . pictorial caricature, he was favored beyond any of his contemporaries.

Sex Fringed with Horror

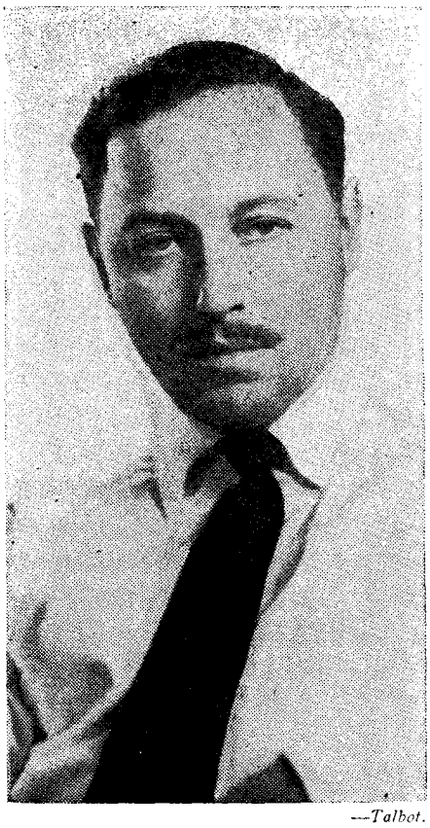
THE ROMAN SPRING OF MRS. STONE. By Tennessee Williams. New York: New Directions. 148 pp. $2. Limited edition, $7.50.

By HOLLIS ALPERT

THERE appears to be a new school in American fiction. One is suddenly struck by this realization as one browses through the first novels of Bowles, Goyen, and Lampkin, through the sensitive studies of Buechner, Capote, and Vidal. Members of this school take sustenance from James, Kafka, and Proust; there is generally a savoring of Faulkner. Sad remembrance, evanescence, decline, and decay make up favorite themes. But it is all subtle, or meant to be, often told in terms of the symbol. Things generally stand for something else, and this something else—perhaps stands for something else? Books are haunted by "beautiful" and pathetically wanton women. Sex is in it, an undercurrent, a vaguely defined obsession, generally possessing a kind of brooding horror. Often these books seem to give off an effluvium of sorts, a word my dictionary defines as "a slight or invisible exhalation or vapor, especially one that is disagreeable or noxious."

And now here is another stylish book by a new novelist, a youngish writer, but one whose highly successful dramatic works have already placed him on the fringes, at least, of this "school." "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone" places him more firmly in it, and it will be read, I am certain, with fascination. For it is skilful and sensitive, and there is even in it a poetic ring. It, too, gives off, or maybe "captures" is the word, its effluvium.

Let us look at more surface levels of the story. Mrs. Stone of the title is a retired actress of fifty, once very successful, her beauty gone a bit to seed. Her husband, with whom she had maintained all through her career a comfortable, secure relationship, if an unardent one, has just succumbed to a heart attack, leaving her with a million dollars and the first symptoms of a kind of malaise. She lives in present-day Rome and, being rich, a widow, and American, she is naturally the prey of certain unscrupulous elements in Roman society. An aged "contessa" takes her under her ostensible wing and seeks to provide her with a series of "beautiful" young men. The terms are to be arranged implicitly; she is expected to pay for services rendered. Paolo, one of these "beautiful" creatures, is offered to her



—*Talbot.*

Tennessee Williams—"skilful and sensitive."

—the most attractive of a rather plentiful lot. He is a "marchesse," goods to be sold; nevertheless he is spoiled, coquettish, weak, and shrewdly dishonest. Mrs. Stone establishes him as her lover on fairly explicit terms, and will go to some tolerantly controlled lengths to have him.

I must explain that Mrs. Stone feels herself empty and directionless. She is in her "Moon of Pause," as Tennessee Williams puts it. Up until now she had devoted herself to achieving success in the theatre; her even-keeled marriage helped keep her afloat. But gone now the husband, the career. Stirring in her are nameless urges; her existence is vaguely dreamlike. She is sophisticated, yet still somehow, at fifty, innocent and tender. There has not been time for self-knowledge. The mirror tells her of her fading beauty, suggests lost or almost lost opportunity.

At this point I will introduce another important figure into the summary. Figure is about all he is, and the important thing is that he stands for something, just what in this case is eventually made clear. But until that final paragraph you know him only as another "beautiful" young man, who has taken to following Mrs. Stone on her little journeys through Rome. He stands beneath her balcony for hours on end, proudly looking up;

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Mrs. Stone becomes dreamily aware of him, for this "beautiful" figure has a way of exposing himself obscenely, once by urinating near where she stands. What does he want? Presumably he wants Mrs. Stone, but on his own proud, obscene terms.

The point is reached where Paolo becomes insufferable (for the reader he has reached that stage very shortly after his introduction). He's tossed out, the contessa with him. They shriek; everyone, in fact, shrieks. Mrs. Stone is left alone, she drifts, and then—she beckons to the dim figure standing beneath her balcony, tosses him a key. He nods, enters the building. Mrs. Stone has stopped her drifting.

Summaries have a way of destroying the meaning of a story, and I hope this hasn't been done here. For artificial and contrived as this might appear to be in outline, it is not an impression that comes to you during the reading. Mr. Williams has skill and control, and his prose style reaches a level that sets him quite a bit above other members of the "school." As a craftsman he is superb, and he has sharply limited the elements of his story, so that the book resembles more a "novelette" than a novel.

And he almost succeeds in disguising the familiarity of much of his material. Decadent drifters have been done often enough before; the superficiality of the world of Mrs. Stone and of the kind of Rome she lives in have been explored before. And I have wondered if this exhalation mentioned earlier comes from the way the sex is handled. It is the phosphorescence given off by the decay. It is fringed with horror. Sex somehow is joined with evil.

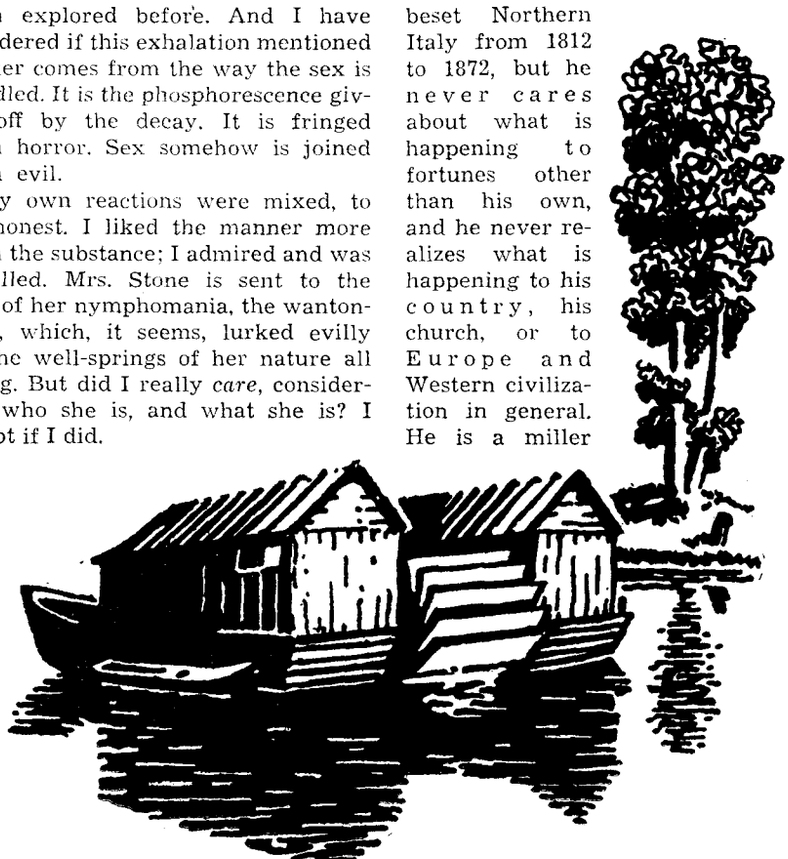
My own reactions were mixed, to be honest. I liked the manner more than the substance; I admired and was repelled. Mrs. Stone is sent to the hell of her nymphomania, the wantonness, which, it seems, lurked evilly in the well-springs of her nature all along. But did I really *care*, considering who she is, and what she is? I doubt if I did.

Miller's-eye View of History

THE MILL ON THE PO. By Riccardo Bacchelli. Translated by Frances Frenaye. New York: Pantheon Books. 590 pp. $4.

By Thomas Sugrue

IF THE novel is the epic of the common man, then the common man, as the novel's hero, should be worthy of an epic; he should demonstrate, through his reactions to the vicissitudes of normal life, that he possesses that nobility of character which in tragedy is the property of royal persons and which in romance belongs to the knight errant. Should he display, instead of this nobility, the less spiritual but more human qualities of self-aggrandizement, fear of the law and of other peoples' opinions, and indifference to the progress of political liberty, he is back where he started—a minor character in the perpetual drama of initiation wherein the soul of man wrestles with angels for the prize of salvation, a character unworthy of being tested and therefore employed as clown, emissary, and fool. In "The Mill on the Po," which is regarded in Italy (according to its American publisher) as a national epic, the common man who is given the role of hero fails to demonstrate nobility; he survives, along with the other peasants of his community, the troubles of weather and politics which beset Northern Italy from 1812 to 1872, but he never cares about what is happening to fortunes other than his own, and he never realizes what is happening to his country, his church, or to Europe and Western civilization in general. He is a miller and a good one; he pays attention to his trade and expects nothing more than that other people pay attention to theirs; he is therefore not a focus for the events of his lifetime, nor does he give to these events a point of view or continuity. The long book (the present American edition contains the first two volumes of a trilogy) is therefore more like a peasant's journal than an epic; it gives a village view of history, but even the village is without dignity or importance in the lives of its inhabitants.



—Jacket design for "The Mill on the Po."

Very likely this curious achievement is what the author aimed at. He chose for his leading character a man named Lazzaro Scacerni, whose father was a ferryman on the Po River and whose mother was unknown to himself and unmentioned by his father. As a young man Lazzaro went off through the world and eventually landed in Russia with the Italian section of Napoleon's army. The reader meets him as he is crossing the Vop River with the retreating French; he saves the life of another Italian, a renegade priest, and for reward is given a receipt for some jewels which the priest and his Jacobin friends stole from a cathedral in Spain. Back home in Ferrara, Lazzaro presents the receipt to the man with whom the stolen goods were left, receives them, and after struggling with his conscience disposes of them to Ferrara's gangster chieftain. With the proceeds he buys a floating mill, which he anchors on the Po not far from Ferrara. In this way, after some hundred pages of adventure and intrigue, the story of Scacerni the miller begins; thereafter the chronicle gradually loses excitement and settles into an account of the effect on Scacerni's health and business of wars, famines, floods, brigandage, and smuggling, during the years from Napoleon's defeat and exile to the unification and liberation of Italy. Scacerni marries, begets a son, runs his mill honestly, suffers enormous bouts of conscience about the source of the capital used to start his business, and eventually dies, along with his wife, of cholera. His son, Guiseppe, a cold-hearted and ugly man, becomes a smuggler and a miserable miser, and ends in a madhouse. His daughter-in-law, Cecelia, a miller's child and a woman of the river, carries on the business of St. Michael's mill, and after nearly 600 pages it is she who bids the reader farewell and godspeed.

It is a simple matter to discover why the book may fascinate Italians and fail to hold other readers. Only a real hero, one with nobility, could trans-

(*Continued on page* 29)

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Fielding: the Hogarth of Fiction

A Classic Re-evaluated

ROBERT HALSBAND

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is the second of a series of literary re-evaluations that* SRL *is presenting in conjunction with the National Broadcasting Company and five colleges participating in the "University of the Air"—the University of Louisville, University of Tulsa, Kansas State Teacher's College, Texas College of Arts and Industries, and Brooklyn College.*

AS A MAN and as an artist Henry Fielding had an energy and sanity that still brace us today. He knew well enough that the world of men is not what it should be, yet because his moral earnestness was joined to a lusty merriment he extracted the warmth and humor of the world as it is.

In his active career he applied his pen to all sorts of literary purposes—farce and serious comedy for the stage, political and miscellaneous essays for the journals, and sober legal reports for pamphlets. As a novelist he produced a triptych of great works that make him—along with Richardson—a founder of that most modern of literary genres. That Fielding turned to the novel is almost an accident. The licensing of the theatres closed his dramatic career, and his antagonism to the Ministry cut him off from profitable journalism. Then, in 1740, the phenomenal popularity of "Pamela" supplied him with an artistic incentive, and he started "Joseph Andrews" to parody it (as well as Colley Cibber's "Apology"). These facts may give his novel a place in literary history; they do not explain its deserved place in literature, for Fielding transcended his time and circumstances to give us a book that—along with his other fiction—still lives.

In the sequence of his novels there is a progression from "Joseph Andrews," a bright and happy work, to "Tom Jones," his most ambitious and successful masterpiece, and finally "Amelia," the most somber, embittered in part by the knowledge he had gained as a Bow Street magistrate. In their various ways they exhibit the ideal qualities of a novelist—qualities that Fielding himself lists in a mock-invocation at the end of "Tom Jones": Genius, Humanity, Learning, and Experience.

A platitude that is sometimes forgotten when historically important literature is described is that a novel —whatever significance it bears—must be interesting. Fielding's genius makes his fiction as readable today as it was in his own day. A few years after "Joseph Andrews" appeared Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's daughter sent it to her in Italy, and she wrote back that she was "fool enough to sit up all the night reading." In all his novels, differing as they do, Fielding spins out the plot with a tension that holds the reader. "Joseph Andrews" is a simple story, mostly about his friend Parson Adams, and adorned with a colorful succession of antic characters and situations. "Tom Jones" is far more complex, for it tells (by narrative mostly) of Tom's growth to manhood, and then (by dramatic means) of the fateful six weeks which end with his acquisition of worldly wisdom and Sophia Western. Coleridge called it one of the three best plots ever devised. "Amelia" comes closest to Dr. Johnson's description of Richardson's power to "dive into the recesses of the human heart"; it emphasizes the intensity of tragic experience.

But the narrative scheme of any story is only a blueprint unless animated by characters who live in imagination. Parson Adams, one of Fielding's most endearing creations, is a compound of guileless simplicity and muscular Christianity (literally, too). His sympathetic humanness gives him a high place—a bishop's, at least—in the gallery of fictional clerics from Chaucer to Trollope. Then there is Tom Jones, a pre-eminently human personality in whom the good and bad, the weak and strong, exist in uneasy equilibrium. And finally Captain Booth, Amelia's husband, a man of good impulses, spoiled and degraded by a vicious environment (despite his conveniently happy ending). We can understand more easily why these characters win our credence when we compare them with Fielding's unmixed men—for example, Joseph Andrews and Squire Allworthy, who are far too virtuous, and Master Blifil, far too wicked, to be either interesting or believable. The reason lies in Fielding's realistic attitude toward the world of men, manners, and morality. He believed that in "this great theatre of Nature . . . it is often the same person who represents the villain and the hero; and he who engages your admiration today will probably attract your contempt tomorrow."

The people who throng the pages of his novels are drawn from all social classes — from aristocratic ladies to thieves and highwaymen. Some of his contemporaries—especially Richardson with his finicky gentility—condemned his use of "low" characters as well as his allowing heroes some immoral interludes. (Both Tom Jones and Captain Booth violate the Hollywood Production Purity Code.) But Nature, where Fielding found his materials, does not follow the standards of Burke's Peerage or the dictates of

And perhaps there is one reason why a comic writer should of all others be the least excused for deviating from nature, since it may not be always so easy for a serious poet to meet with the great and the admirable; but life everywhere furnishes an accurate observer with the ridiculous.

—"JOSEPH ANDREWS."

In Print

SELECTIONS from the works of Fielding together with essays by Hazlitt, Scott, and Thackeray are offered in a volume of the Clarendon English series ($2). The reader can choose between several complete editions of his major novels. The Everyman's volumes contain introductions by George Saintsbury.

"Joseph Andrews" — Dutton (Everyman's), 95¢; Modern Library (paper) 65¢, (boards) $1.25; Oxford (World's Classics), $1.10; Rinehart (paper), 60¢.

"Tom Jones"—Dutton (Everyman's, two vols.) 95¢ each; Modern Library (paper) 65¢, (boards) $1.25, (Giant) $2.45; Rinehart (paper), 60¢; Winston (illustrated), $3.50.

"Amelia"—Dutton (Everyman's, two vols.), 95¢ each.

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Mrs. Grundy — though it embraces both.

Still, Fielding was not one of your scientific novelists who give you slices of life as unfeelingly as a scientist with his data; he had a profoundly ethical and moral point of view. He was at the same time a realist and a moralist, a sociologist and a reformer. This balance he accomplished through his use of the Comic. Virtue, he states, is a relative quality. In its absolute state it was well-enough applauded by the sentimental dramatists and novelists; he applied himself particularly to its obverse: affectation that grows from vanity or (worse) hypocrisy. To attack this common vice of all times he uses *Ridicule*—a method exemplified by his classical forebears and his dramatic master, Molière. It is a delightful weapon for a moralist. How well he succeeds we can see in the case of Mrs. Slipslop, Lady Booby's unsavory attendant; and his ridicule of her pretensions to rank is a witty lesson that resonates right down to Henry Green's "Loving." His comic realism, further, allows him to use a wide variety of humorous devices — ranging from slapstick comedy (though the eighteenth-century equivalents of custard pies are fairly inelegant) to ingenious and dialectical arguments on all sorts of religious, philosophical, and ethical questions.

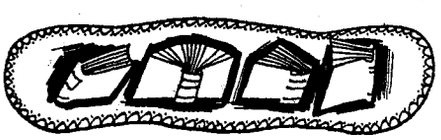
His novels depict their era as faithfully as only comic history can. Their robustious fun, their vitality, their grasp of the pulse of existence arise from his use of a great canvas. He is the prose-fiction equivalent of Hogarth, whom he sedulously admired, and like him he was both moral and comic.

As an early novelist he was faced with his medium's pioneer problems. He called "Joseph Andrews" a "comic epic poem in prose" and filled it with parodies of Homer and of Cervantes; his "Amelia" has echoes of Virgil. His use of the epic as a scaffolding for his stories is not unexpected, for his contemporaries were extremely conscious of Homer and Virgil. It is a curious fact that his first novel is an odyssey with Homeric parallels; and in the novel of our century which has carried that genre to its furthest limits Joyce has used the same venerable epic.

Writers of the past are always being revived, but Fielding has never died. He has remained alive through his descendants (Dickens and Thackeray, especially) and through his own novels. Although Parson Adams, Tom Jones, and Captain Booth knew an England that has gone forever, the human nature, emotion, and excitement that they embody are a perennial part of the total human condition.

"AN EDITH WHARTON TREASURY" (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $5), edited and introduced by Arthur Hobson Quinn, will be welcomed affectionately by many readers with fairly long memories and may well surprise other readers whose memories are shorter, as well as readers who grew up while Mrs. Wharton was for the most part writing sorry stuff, and who never took the trouble to examine the novels and stories that won her both fame and respect. They should take the trouble now, for Edith Wharton was a fine craftsman and at her best a good deal more than that. Mr. Quinn's selections will serve as an excellent introduction to her work, but readers capable of appreciating and enjoying what she has to give will not be content with an introduction. They will not be content with a single novel, "The Age of Innocence"; three novelettes, "The Old Maid," "The Bunner Sisters," and "Madame de Treymes," and a handful of short stories, of which "Autres Temps" is probably the best in its author's most characteristic vein. They will wish to continue their exploration of Mrs. Wharton's fictional world until, at the least, they have read the histories of Lily Bart, who fumbled her way out of society, and Undine Spragg, who ruthlessly fought her way in, and Ethan Frome, who hungered for love and fed on tragedy's most bitter fare.

When I first read and reviewed "The Age of Innocence" I said that it was "more skilful in construction, and more exquisite in finish" than any of Edith Wharton's earlier novels. Now, thirty years later, having just read it again, in company with "The House of Mirth" and "The Custom of the Country" and "Ethan Frome," I am strongly inclined to stand by that old opinion. But note that the emphasis is on construction and finish. The tragic story of Lily Bart is infinitely more moving than that of Newland Archer and Ellen Olenska; the comic-tragic story of Undine Spragg is far more vigorous, diversified, horrifying, and amusing; the tragic anecdote of Ethan Frome exerts a more concentrated power, delivers a harder blow. But there are minor if not major flaws in both "The House of Mirth" and "The Custom of the Country," and there is a storytelling trick at the base of "Ethan Frome." On the other hand, "The Age of Innocence" may be an autumnal work—it was the last of Mrs. Wharton's fine novels, although she kept on writing for another seventeen years—but it could hardly be bettered in its kind.



Edith Wharton's prime subject was, of course, society, New York society; and the answer to the question so often asked—"What happened to her?"—is, quite simply, that her prime subject deserted her, disappeared. Some dates are significant. When "The House of Mirth" was published, in 1905, it was concerned with contemporary society. So was "The Custom of the Country," in 1913. But "The Age of Innocence" (1920) looked back to the 1870's, and "The Old Maid" (1924) had its beginnings in the 1850's. The shifting sands of the speakeasy age offered no firm ground on which Mrs. Wharton could take her stand, no living traditions, no fixed values. So she was, if you will, limited as an artist. But in her own field she was supreme. Indeed, a competent reader will require no more than one short story, "Autres Temps," to discover her supremacy.

Two admirable works of scholarship—for students and devoted lovers of poetry—are "Marlowe's 'Doctor Faustus': 1604-1616" (Oxford, Clarendon Press, $10), edited by W. W. Greg, and "Poems by Christopher Smart" (Princeton University Press, $4), edited by Robert Brittain. In the first volume, a magnificent example of the Clarendon Press's book-making abilities, the eminent Elizabethan scholar prints on confronting pages the very different 1604 and 1616 texts of "Faustus," supplements these with elaborate textual notes, and seeks, in a long introduction, to discover and explain the origins and relationship of the two versions. Mr. Brittain restores a number of Smart's poems to print, argues against the idea that "A Song to David" was the work of an inspired madman, admits that apart from his religious poetry Smart wrote little of real worth, fixes upon the eight years following his recovery from insanity as "his richest creative period," and provides most helpful notes to the individual poems.

Better than average: "The Trouble with Murder" (Pocket Books, 25¢), by Roger Bax.—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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The Boundaries of Fear

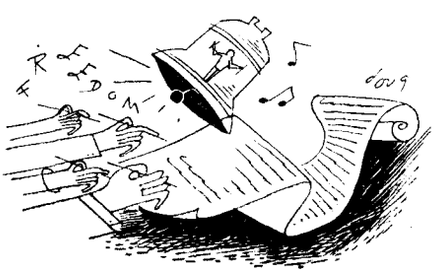
IT IS part of man's nature to fear dangers he cannot clearly see or understand, like the natives living in certain South Sea islands or the vast jungles of Africa, to whom night, haunted by evil spirits, is a time of terror, from which they can never escape. After the first atomic bombs exploded over Japan a milder form of this terror of the unknown swept over the Western world. It was intensified year by year when we discovered that Russian Communism faced us everywhere with implacable enmity, after it swept over Eastern Europe and threatened to extend its conquests to the Near East and to the shores of the Atlantic. This dismal period was labeled by a poet the "Age of Anxiety." Our literature of that recent, but now somehow remote, time was overwhelmed by fears of the future, while the offices of psychiatrists and the wards of asylums were filled with the trembling victims of anxiety neuroses.

The dismal warnings of the approaching end of a Western civilization, reaching us through books, magazines, and the air, were intended to alarm and awaken us; actually, they spread confusion, as if we were really at war and were already shattered by the irretrievable defeat of all of our hopes for a better world. There were rumors that foolish men were buying sailing yachts, deserted lead mines, building homes in remote islands, mountain tops, and deserts. It became an axiom that the democratic world, divided by political wrangling, suffering in part from the devastation of war, could never summon the energy or the courage to unite in time against a monolithic state armed to the teeth, whose agents were spreading treason in every country in the world. We gave a name to our fear, "the Iron Curtain," as a symbol for the unknown and terrible dangers waiting to spring out upon us at any moment.

It is difficult to know how long this period might have lasted, for few people put any trust in the accidents of fate or had faith in the concerted, but apparently powerless, desire of Western man for peace. Even the United Nations, designed to be the instrument of that hope, was obviously failing to lessen the increasing pressures. Then out of the blue came the first stroke of luck, that minor but memorable episode in history, the Berlin Airlift. What might have been disaster and the beginning of a third world war was transformed less than two years ago into a kind of miracle of ingenuity in the use of air power to supply a vast population with food and the material for life. Iran had already been saved from invasion by a show of force; the Marshall Plan was stirring the hopes of men in Europe; Turkey was arming and reforming its economic habits; the fate of Greece was trembling in the balance, but for the first time there was a chance that it might be saved. These were all, including Yugoslavia's revolt, minor victories, and so fast has time run that we have almost lost the memory of some of them. There seemed to be nothing solid or enduring in these achievements that could not be swept away by a sudden outbreak of wars or revolutions.

The odds against hope were still fearful, for all efforts to contain future Russian aggression had failed, and that vast conspiracy of Russian satellite nations known as the Cominform hovered like an approaching storm over the Eastern skies. Then suddenly came two more blows, the full realization of the disaster in China and the news that Russia had made an atomic bomb, years earlier than scientists had anticipated.

A few months ago we had been seized with an hysterical outburst against the decision to construct the hydrogen bomb. We had, in a sense, become familiar with the A-bomb; most of us had discovered what it was and something of how it was constructed. It was a known fact, as



were the limits of its power to kill and destroy, and consequently it had lost most of its terrors, though we had abandoned any belief we had once held that it might be swept away or regulated by international agreement. The elaborate attempts of all of our scientists who could write plain English and the magazine writers and journalists who had a smattering of knowledge of atomic science soon satisfied or quieted the public. At least the H-bomb lay in the future, and who could see clearly into the next two or five years?

WHEN in June of this year the North Korean armies, trained for the most part in China and armed by Russia, swept over that fantasy called the Thirty-eighth Parallel, it was logical that we should have known the depths of fear. In a time of political confusion, when Washington was embroiled in quarrels, any forecaster of future advents might have said, "This is the end; this is it!" Actually, as we now know, it was another stroke of luck, for who could have been aware that the country was stirring, secretly waiting for a chance to strike back? All of us know what followed immediately, and by what fortunate accident the Russian delegate was absent from the meeting of the Security Council of the United Nations which followed our declaration of war against the aggressor.

The United States and perhaps a great part of the Western world has had its moment of enlightenment. We have faced Russian tanks and weapons and know that they are not invincible. All of the warnings that massive Chinese armies might sweep down from Manchuria or that Russia might start the invasion of other satellite countries while our forces were still engaged in Korea have not brought back the old nightmares and dreads. We are now face to face with men who can be killed and tanks and planes that can be destroyed. Even the new and great efforts and plans, now apparent to all, to save as much as may be possible of our cities and their people from atomic bombs have not brought panic. Our cities are not being depopulated by a rush to the country. There are still greater projects for erecting vast buildings and nearby suburban developments. Under this new impulse, generated by faith in ourselves and in the renaissant powers of the democratic states, there is a new atmosphere. It would seem that we were not even afraid of death by whatever means it might come to us. As a people we have conquered fear, and it cannot now return to us in its old form, shrouded by darkness and mystery. —H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Titular Digestibility

SIR: It is not just out of phonograph-record chauvinism that I write to say I am in complete agreement with William A. Lynch [LETTERS, *SRL* Sept. 9], who suggests that you call yourself simply *Saturday Review*.

Even if you did not have your excellent RECORDINGS, MUSIC TO MY EARS, SEEING THINGS, THE FILM FORUM, BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, and the heart-rending DOUBLE-CROSTICS, I still think it would be a good idea to simplify your name for the sake of titular digestibility, if nothing else.

GODDARD LIEBERSON,
Executive Vice President,
Columbia Records Inc.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: As a constant and loyal reader of the *SRL* I am deeply concerned over the suggestion made by a recent contributor to these columns that your magazine be renamed *Saturday Review*. Your contributor may not be aware that the name belonged to a distinguished British weekly very different from the *SRL*—which is in a class by itself and needs no such reflected glory. To this remark may I add a constructive suggestion? Brief one-word titles are the mode now (*Look, Quick, Flair*). You can salvage one word from your present title. In the interests of brevity and accuracy, why not call the magazine *The?*

ROBERT L. HORN.

New York, N. Y.

Poetry Editor for *SRL*

SIR: Your question relative to the appointment of a poetry editor on a rotating basis ["*SRL* Seeks Advice," *SRL* Sept. 2] seems to me an excellent way of disposing of this important but arbitrary matter. The selection of a poetry editor is quite a task for any editor to perform; in your case, it is formidable. A poet selected on this rotating basis would add immeasurably to the good will of your publication.

Personally, I feel you have asked a very important question, and it is hoped that all of your readers will answer it in the affirmative.

ED MCKENNA.

Palm Beach, Fla.

SIR: In your call for advice concerning a successor to William Rose Benét you use the phrase "under the circumstances" in suggesting a rotating editorship. Both the phrase and the idea strike this reader as being unfortunate; both carry the strong implication that *The Saturday Review* is prepared to straddle the fences dividing poetry today. Can it be that the healthy argument generated by your stand on the Bollingen Prize has caused you to shy away from the commitments to poetry so necessary in a magazine seriously concerned with literature? I hope not. For if poetry is to be vital to this world, such a magazine as *SRL* must perform the essential function of providing a place where good poetry can get published and read. What kind of poetry you consider to be good matters less than the fact that you make clear your conviction; for to print any good poetry at all you must establish some concept of what you take good poetry to be. This difficult task is clearly the job of a poetry editor. And, as with any editorial job, it is his concept of what is good that gives character to the magazine of which he is a part.

It seems, then, that to select a poetry editor yearly would be no less foolish than annually to turn in Miss Loveman, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Brown for new-model associates. In either case the value of established editorial policy would be lost. And that, I submit, would be quite as serious as going too far in another direction and printing nothing but poetry of the "surrealist school." What is needed is an editor (preferably a poet) who has the integrity to make clear his standards and the humanity to modify them as his understanding of poetry deepens.

PHILIP BOOTH.

Hanover, N. H.

SIR: As regards your request for reader comment on plans for a new poetry column, a yearly changeover sounds good indeed. . . . Let the Peter Vierecks, the Zlotkins, the Starbuck Galbraiths appear in other pages and open up the poetry column to fresh voices. Please, too, continue poetry market tips as did Benét.

R. SPERRY.

Denver, Colo.

SIR: Your gesture was quite generous, but after you have read several hundred letters offering specific suggestions relative to Benét's successor, you will be just where you are at this moment. In our country there are just two classes that care for poetry: those who believe it should be understood without too great effort and, of course, have a measure of beauty and those who contend that today's output should be for the sophisticated—hence shadowy, somewhat confused, labyrinthine, difficult. I know no contemporary poet who is detached, unencumbered, without biases and prejudices. Why not try a man who has never published a line of poetry but who has the broad tolerance of William James, a genuine interest in poetry, classic and modern, and the ability to say NO and mean it? Such a man could save you many headaches.

LABAN LACY RICE.

Ware Neck, Va.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"So that's the 'Mona Lisa.' Well, Leonardo, old boy, it looks like Lisa del Giocondo all right, but you did something funny to the mouth."

Waste Land

SIR: Noting among LETTERS TO THE EDITOR objections to Lin Yutang's statement that "the material must be the basis for the spiritual well-being" [*SRL* Aug. 26], I am reminded of a remark I heard more than once years ago from Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, who was not only a suffrage leader but a Methodist minister and a Christian wit, to the effect that in the Lord's prayer ". . . give us this day our daily bread" precedes " . . . forgive us our trespasses . . . "

It seems to me that Mr. Lin is making a point which not only Americans but perhaps others in the world might need to hear. A great part of the basis of modern life is material waste.

I remember well the satisfaction we children used to feel in New England when we carefully untied all string which came on packages and wound it carefully on little wooden shafts for future use. We even spread out the flaps of envelopes and twisted the resultant paper into neat squills, which stood in a little vase on the mantel over the fireplace, later to be lit from the embers and used instead of the old fumacious sulphur matches. The whole accent of life and activity was on preservation and use, and the good business of our fingers helped considerably not only in keeping children happy but in ridding our elders of wasteful or harmful thoughts. When

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people waste substance, as they so largely do in the world now, the step is short toward a psychology where the waste of life seems a natural part of the world's order.

Westerners would do well to give a more attentive ear to the soundness of Eastern thought as it comes to us through Mr. Lin's balanced mind. I grant that wasting of life has occurred on a stupendous scale in the Orient, the reasons being obvious; but I maintain that happiness or serenity of spirit has widely survived in the Orient because of its being partly based on such material measures as Lin Yutang recommends.

WITTER BYNNER.

Santa Fe, N. M.

Hush - Hush in Bartlesville

SIR: During recent months Bartlesville, Oklahoma, a small Northeastern Oklahoma city with a population of around 19,000, has been the locale of a vicious attack upon American civil liberties, conducted by a group who call themselves a Citizens' Committee. Among the casualties are the city library and Miss Ruth Brown, city librarian for thirty years, who has long been active in local groups seeking to improve the lot of the town's Negro population.

For many years our library had been administered, under the provisions of an Oklahoma statute, by a library board having exclusive jurisdiction over both the staff and the library's contents. When this board refused to accede to demands that the librarian be discharged and the periodical list censored, the city commissioners enacted an ordinance under which the control of the library was vested in themselves, and the duties of the library board were restricted to advisory functions. The old library board was discharged, and a new board, made up of representatives and supporters of the so-called Citizens' Committee, was appointed.

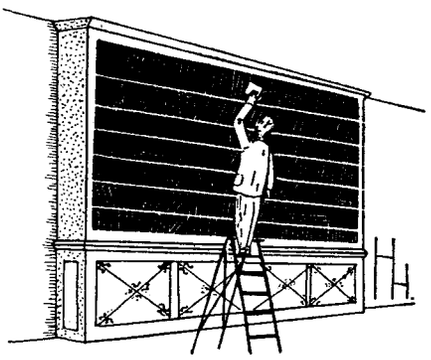
The ordinance vesting control of the library in the city commissioners was enacted on June 14. Under the provisions of the city charter it could be questioned by referendum only during the thirty-day period following. On July 25 the city commissioners fired Miss Brown. No reason for this action was given, either to Miss Brown or to the community. On July 31 *The Nation* and the *New Republic* were removed from the shelves of the public library. On August 7 the newly appointed library board reported to the commissioners that the library's subscriptions for *Consumer Reports* and *The Negro Digest* had been canceled.

On August 1 a group of interested citizens attended the meeting of the newly appointed library board. We were informed (1) that the board had no responsibility with respect to the discharge of the city librarian, and (2) that *The Nation* and the *New Republic* had been removed from the Library shelves "for study" since these publications had been criticized by the so-called Citizens' Committee.

On August 7 another group of citizens appeared at the meeting of the city commissioners and requested advice as to the reasons for the discharge of the city librarian. The city commissioners refused to state what those reasons were. This fact was not reported in the account of the meeting published in our local newspaper, although a reporter for that paper was present at the meeting.

These events, in my judgment, have significance beyond their local impact. They are similar to events which have been occurring through this Middle Western area.

Those of us in Bartlesville who are concerned with this matter have made a strenuous effort to place the facts of the situation before the public. Both of the local newspapers have refused to carry news stories concerning the library controversy, beyond a bare recital of the facts that the librarian has been discharged, that the assistant librarian has resigned in protest, and that the library is being operated by temporary, nonprofessional personnel. One of the local newspapers refused a paid advertisement calling attention to the civil-liberties issues involved; the advertisement was carried by the other local newspaper, without comment. Through our efforts Gilbert Asher, a reporter from the *Tulsa Daily World*, came to Bartlesville and interviewed a number of persons on both sides of the controversy, but no story has been published, and we have been advised by Mr. Asher that, by reason of the paper's policy, the story will not be published. A full report of the controversy and its background was furnished by our group to the Oklahoma City *Daily Oklahoman*. On July 31 a very short story was published in that paper which, either by design or inadvertently, implied that subversive material had been found in the Bartlesville Library and that the discharged librarian was responsible therefor.



We feel that it is essential that the facts of this controversy be published, in order that the citizens of this community may be advised of what has transpired, and in order that those responsible may understand that the denial of Constitutional rights to our citizens has significance beyond the boundaries of our town.

DARLENE ANDERSON ESSARY.

Bartlesville, Okla.

"Across the River"

SIR: Allow me to congratulate you on Maxwell Geismar's review of Hemingway's latest offering [*SRL* Sept. 9]. So many of the critics, even including one or two of the more dependable ones, seem to have pulled their punches for reasons of their own—pulled their punches, I say, because they could hardly have failed to see that this book is an immensely embarrassing affair, and indeed an obscene caricature of some of the author's earlier work.

It is not a question of "bad" writing, although the dialogue is enough to make anyone but an aficionado cringe and attempt to crawl under the rug. What is so shocking about this book is the picture which the author presents of himself, for the protagonist is clearly entrusted with the task of strutting the Hemingway stuff and spouting the Hemingway line.

DAVID PARTRIDGE.

New York, N. Y.

Elusive Garden Path

SIR: In response to L. F. Silvers [LETTERS, *SRL* Aug. 19], the phrase is "up" not "down the garden path." Could this possibly be an allusion to the Cretan labyrinth? I, too, have been unable to find its origin or first use.

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD.

San Francisco, Calif.

With or Without Piano

SIR: A conversation with the Rev. Kiyoshi Tanimoto, the minister in John Hersey's "Hiroshima," when he was in the United States, revealed a problem in music training in a badly bombed city like Hiroshima that has probably not occurred to many of us. There are almost no instruments left and things like that will be the last to be replaced.

Miss Hilda Schuster, director of the Dalcroze School of Music in New York, is offering two full scholarships in the Teacher's Training Department to musically gifted young people from the Hiroshima Normal College. She has done this because two trained Dalcroze teachers can return to Japan and give fundamental music to hundreds of children and adults in a year. They could teach even if there were no piano. The work is more effective when a keyboard instrument is available, however.

We need help in raising the funds to bring the students from Hiroshima and we need homes in or near New York where the two could work for their room and board. The plan has been cleared with the Immigration authorities. The Dalcroze School is incorporated and tax free, which would make donations deductible from income taxes. We should like to hear from *SRL* readers who feel that the plan is worth considering.

URANA CLARK.

161 E. 73 St.
New York, N. Y.

Dissent Over W. J. Bryan

SIR: Save for his mistakes in historical fact and judgment the book by Gerald W. Johnson, "Incredible Years," would be one of the best books that has appeared in summing up our first half of the twentieth century. The treatment of the Depression, the Roosevelt New Deal and its remedies, and World War II are all top stuff in fine form, and any American would profit by reading it.

But in his treatment of two men, William Jennings Bryan and Theodore Roosevelt, the author fails woefully to appraise them, to fix their true place in history, and to interpret properly the historical facts that surround their careers.

He solemnly declares that Bryan was mostly or only a "Voice" and that T. R. was only a "Set of Teeth." This

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is not history, whatever else it may be, and it would be decidedly unfair to hand this book to a high-school or college student and expect him to get the true historical setting of the two great American statesmen and political leaders from its treatment of these two men. The author's clear predilection is for Woodrow Wilson, and he evidently thinks the way to write up Wilson is to write Bryant and T. R. down. Specially Bryan.

His misjudgments and actual historical inadequacies of treatment about Bryan make this part of the book mostly an historical absurdity. For example, he says Bryan was leading the "mentally incompetent" and that "he actually knew less than most any other man who figured prominently in public life at that time." This is such a rank mistake that it's a shame to have it go into the libraries of the country to mislead coming generations. Johnson is an experienced and able journalist—more than a mere newspaperman—and he knew or ought to have known better than to have aped the old Wall Street attacks on Bryan.

To underestimate Bryan in this fashion is to deny the facts of history and do violence to historical background and studies. Look for a moment at the Bryan record. Every plank of the Chicago platform on which he first ran for the Presidency, save silver, has since become the law of the land. He was the original pioneer in fighting for an income tax. His advocacy of popular election of U. S. Senators was ridiculed for years, yet he wrote both these amendments into the Constitution of the United States; he strongly favored votes for women and Prohibition and saw both of those go into the Constitution (though, years after his death, one came out). He was the first leader to oppose in a Presidential campaign the abuse of injunctions in labor disputes; he saw that righted.

He was the first to advocate publicity of campaign funds before the election—now the law of the land. He fought unceasingly for guarantee of bank deposits, the first candidate for President ever to favor or even mention it, and now this is the law of the land and has been of more protection to depositors than anything else ever done for them. He fought unceasingly for Government instead of banking control of the currency volume and saw it established in law. He fought for a generation for freedom for the Philippines and himself proclaimed the law when it was finally passed by the Congress.

Are these evidences of a shallow, incompetent thinker? Of a man who never thinks things through and has no real remedies?

WAYNE C. WILLIAMS.

Denver, Colo.

SIR: No one who has read Wayne C. Williams's excellent life of Bryan will question his knowledge of the Commoner. I do not question it, but I do question his knowledge of what is in "Incredible Tale." He notes that I said Bryan led the "mentally incompetent." Well, so he did, but he fails to note that I also said he led those who, feeling that the choice was between bad thinking and bad faith, chose bad thinking. He notes that I said Bryan "actually knew less than almost any other man who figured prominently in public life at that time." So I did, and I rest my case on the following assertions, all of which are matters of record: Bryan didn't know that Imperial Germany was a menace. Bryan didn't know that Prohibition was a mistake. Bryan didn't know that man is a mammal. I submit, therefore, that Bryan didn't know much.

GERALD W. JOHNSON.

Baltimore, Md.

Sherwood Anderson Again

SIR: Wolfe Kaufman is certainly right in saying [*SRL* Aug. 26] that it is difficult to write with both hands at the same time: on a newspaper or magazine job in the daytime, and at writing "worth publishing" — or for that matter, not worth publishing—in the evenings. But to say that it is difficult, as Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Anderson do, is not to say that it is impossible. There are plenty of examples of newspapermen and magazine editors who do good writing, and others who do bad, at the same time they are doing their forty-hour jobs.

MITCHELL V. CHARNLEY,
Professor of Journalism,
Univ. of Minnesota.

Minneapolis, Minn.

SIR: "Sherwood Anderson's Advice" brought to mind an Anderson letter that we recently unearthed from our correspondence file. It reads:

My dear Miss McIlvaine:

I have really published two novels, both more or less intensive studies of present-day Chicago life, and would be glad to present them to the Chicago Historical Society except that there is a matter of Principal [sic] involved.

Really, you know, I suppose I have had already a hundred requests of presentation copies of both novels. That means about two hundred dollars to me. I am not a popular writer, at least the royalty checks from my publishers do not indicate that I am. My books are seriously discussed by our American deep-sea thinkers but they are not bought by the man in the street.

Now you do know that no one is so poorly paid for his labor as the serious writer. I don't want to take myself too seriously but it is a joke to me that the Chicago Historical Society should want me to give them a copy of "Marching Men." Make the publisher give you one if you can. Don't tackle the defenseless writer.

And please bear in mind this is not personal. I don't blame you but I'll be hanged before I'll give any institution a copy of a book I write.

Very sincerely yours,
SHERWOOD ANDERSON.

Apprehensive authors should note that our librarian's request and Anderson's reply were written in 1917, not 1950.

MARGARET SCRIVEN,
Librarian,
Chicago Historical Society.

Chicago, Ill.

"As 1960 Sees Us"

SIR: It was surprising and gratifying to learn of so many others with the same idea, i.e., of hoping the President and others in Washington would be able to read "As 1960 Sees Us" [*SRL* Aug. 5]. I purchased three extra copies of it to send to (1) Miss Margaret Truman, (2) a school teacher, (3) a university professor and friend. I hope by this time that most people of persuasive prominence will have a copy of this pertinent article.

EVELYN ALLEN.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Poems for the Masses

SIR: In a letter to the editor [*SRL* Sept. 2] Ernst Bacon complains that poets charge dearly for use of lyrics for song settings. . . . I feel that Mr. Bacon would find hundreds of garret-dwelling poets who would go wild to have their lyrics set to music just to allow their words to be sung by the masses. As to the classics, an Italian proverb says: "Poets and pigs are the only things appreciated after they are dead."

FRANK G. WATTS.

Alliance, O.

"Mind switching it to Channel Two?"

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Music. *The year is supposed to belong to Johann Sebastian Bach, but despite the fuss being made over the Bach bicentenary it seems evident that when the returns are added up on December 31 the most feted composer of 1950 will be Franz Joseph Haydn. Each month brings a freshet of new Haydn recordings, and in Vienna the first volumes of a complete edition of Haydn's music are already rolling from the presses. This month we review below two recent books devoted to the composer's life and works. . . . In her review of "On Studying Singing" (page 28) Maggie Teyte makes the very shrewd observation that singers "will believe almost anything." Thus, it is valuable to have Mme. Teyte's expert assurance that Sergius Kagen's recent guide to singing is well worth believing. . . . Other books this week deal with Debussy's piano music and Handel's oratorios.*

Austrian Music Maker

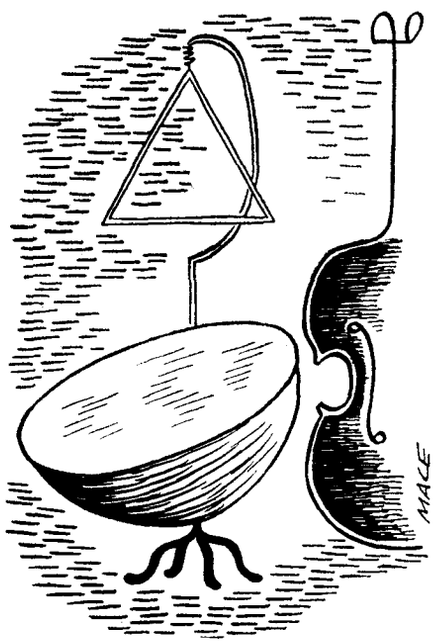
HAYDN. By Rosemary Hughes. New York: Pellegrini & Cudahy. 244 pp. $2.50.

JOSEPH HAYDN, HIS ART, TIMES, AND GLORY. By H. E. Jacob. Translated by Richard and Clara Winston. New York: Rinehart & Co. 368 pp. $5.

By C. G. Burke

THE BENEFICENT chemistry which transmuted the seed of a wheelwright in lower Austria into a human tonal apparatus proliferous of symphonies and sonatas is a biological mystery. Haydn became a composer by bent and happy chance; he became a great one by nourishing his x-quality—his gift—with an unprecedented dosage of hard work in an extraordinarily favorable environment. His cloistered life was placid beyond compare. He died at seventy-seven the most famous composer of the preceding thirty years, after a life in which nothing violent had ever happened. He was untouched by the intellectual ferment of the times, and aloof from the resounding procession of bloody wars, including the Seven Years' War —the first world war—and the wars of the French Revolution under republican and imperial guise, which exterminated the characteristics of his century. Devout, diligent, and routinized, he made music. His conflicts and his victories were inner, no doubt the most satisfying kind for an artist, but forever invisible and unproductive for the artist's biographers.

The two new books on the composer reveal their authors' recognition of the paucity of their material. The avowal is differently accomplished: Miss Hughes narrates what is known of Haydn's life from examination of the existing authorities, and Mr. Jacob, working with the same elements, attempts to supply the deficiencies in our knowledge of Haydn's personal existence by generous embellishments. Indeed, the disparity in bulk between these two biographies may be accounted for by the bulk of Jacob's conjecture. His book is rich in dubious matter following prolocutions like these: "We cannot doubt that Haydn"; "We must assume that he"; "Joseph's mother probably felt otherwise"; "he may well have murmured"; "We may well imagine"; "he might well have thought"; "He must have reasoned that"—all of which quickly succeed in exciting a reader's skepticism. The method may owe a little to Plutarch, but it owes more to Parson Weems. It seems after a time to have depressed Mr. Jacob himself, for we find careless contradictions in the text, as if he did not care what his wordage meant as long as it was wordy. Thus a two-storeyed house is described as having "two large, stuccoed rooms." The next sentence details the six rooms on the ground floor. Two paragraphs later we find a miracle: Haydn sold a house which "had twice been burned down." An example of the composer's Christian forbearance is routed by a contrary example in the following sentence. On page 68 Haydn falls in love at twenty-seven; on page 127 "Master Haydn was in love—for the first time in his life" (at forty-seven). An important musical comparison is based on the belief that Haydn's life was twice Beethoven's; but this is to subtract nineteen years from Beethoven or add thirty-seven to Haydn.



These fatal wounds may have been inflicted in part by the translators, gifted with a faltering syntax and a carefree understanding of verbal precision; or they may be results of the general lassitude provoked by the book's tiring conjecture. It is fair to add that Mr. Jacob's musical good taste and sympathy for the *work* of Haydn are not those of a neophyte. It is too bad that the process of discovering this is so painful.

Thank God for the antidote of Miss Hughes's excellent "Haydn." This is a handbook of competent and unassuming scholarship typical of the series—Eric Blom's Master Musicians—which it truly adorns. The matter is understood and well organized; the writing is direct and literate. Her material is very similar to that of Mr. Jacob, but her exposition is nowhere padded. No psychoanalysis, no guessing, no introduction of livestock to provide a colorful background. First, the life—about as much of it as is known—, then analyses of typical works, then careful, helpful appendices. Devoted editing assigns a pertinent heading for every odd page, a procedure extremely helpful for students. The yearly calendar is very valuable and so is the catalogue. The author's musical penetration is persuasively and sometimes eloquently conveyed. Examples in musical notation are abundant in both books, but Miss Hughes has a more comprehensive selection, and it has been placed where it belongs and can be found.

Her book has a pleasant quality of emotional sensitivity illusive to analysis, so that her words and rhythm are warm when that is the prevailing tenor of her substance, and cool when events and persons dictate dispassionate reflection. We do not insist on literature in biography although we may crave it: if the facts are solid we can forgive a flabby vehicle. The sturdy, honest "Haydn" of Rosemary Hughes rides smoothly.

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—From the book

"There is a Debussyian magic, but it would probably take a poet to describe it."

Magic on the Keyboard

THE PIANO WORKS OF CLAUDE DEBUSSY. By E. Robert Schmitz. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 236 pp. $5.

By HAROLD C. SCHONBERG

THE LATE E. Robert Schmitz was a pianist and teacher who knew Debussy. In recent years he had come to be accepted by a small group headed by Virgil Thomson (who contributes an enthusiastic foreword) as a definitive interpreter of Debussy's music. Whatever one may think of Schmitz's piano playing—and opinions sharply varied—there is no doubt that he had closely identified himself with the great French composer, and his love and belief in the music shine through every page of this book.

Of the 236 pages forty-one are of a general nature, dealing with basic Debussyian concepts, a tiny smattering of biography, and some terminological background. The rest are concerned specifically with the piano works, beginning with the two "Arabesques" of 1888 and proceeding chronologically to the 1915 "Etudes." Nothing is omitted. As the treatment is largely technical ("In measures 15-16 observe the accent and tenuto of the second beat of measure 15, then render the ascending scale intelligible to set into value the successive dominant seventh—measure 16, first beat—with appogiaturas, then tonic-seventh . . .") most of the book will make little sense unless the reader knows the music well enough to visualize chapter and verse. Which means that pianists and piano students are the primary beneficiaries of Mr. Schmitz's work.

As a reference book, of course, the text is of value. Schmitz prefaces each piece under discussion with dates of composition, pertinent data, perhaps an anecdote or two. Throughout the discussions, moreover, he does valuable work stressing the fact—which deserves wider acceptance than is its lot—that there are strong classic elements in Debussy's music. As a pianist, too, Schmitz has hints and suggestions about interpretive details—especially about pedaling, which seems to be an *idée fixe* with him. He himself, in his concert appearances, used relatively little pedal—much less than other Debussy specialists like Casadesus or Gieseking—and he insists that there should be no "blurring or melting together of unrelated elements, which unfortunately happens so often."

Schmitz never quite puts his finger on the magic he is trying so hard to conjure (which does not in the least invalidate the objective, factual merits of his book). There is a Debussyian magic, but it probably would take a poet to describe it. Schmitz is too much of a musician to do this, even if he does indulge in a touch of the favorite parlor game of present-day biographers — amateur psychology-psychiatry—and even if he does occasionally slip into an ecstatic type of rich, brocaded prose, which on him does not sit so well.

Besides "Messiah"

THE ORATORIOS OF HANDEL. By Percy M. Young. New York: Roy Publishers. 244 pp. $4.50.

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

PERCY M. YOUNG is the English musician and musicologist who wrote the pleasant and useful brief life of Handel included in The Master Musicians series edited by Eric Blom. Now he has placed Handelians further in his debt by writing an entirely delightful book made up of musical history, criticism at once keen and readable, and illuminating remarks on the Handelian period and the Handelian style. Mr. Young clearly knows the music of "Jephtha" and "Samson" and "Saul" as well and as affectionately as he knows that of "Messiah." The result of his catholicity of knowledge and sympathy, unfortunately unusual, is that he has been able to give his book a structure too solid to be overborne by the fortuitous and repertoire-narrowing popularity of "Messiah."

Starting off with really enlightening chapters on the Italian origins of oratorio and Handel's apprenticeship in Italy, Mr. Young proceeds through the oratorios (except the "secular oratorios," which he leaves aside for future treatment) in chronological order. The conciseness of his style leaves him comfortable room for a valuable chapter on oratorio singers, one on the conditions of oratorio performance, and a four-page conclusion in which the essential Englishness of the Handelian oratorio is properly and humorously stressed.

In spite of "Messiah," Handel continues to be one of the least heard of the great composers. Neither an occasional singing of "Israel in Egypt" nor welcome recordings of the *concerti grossi*, harpsichord suites, and separate numbers from the oratorios and operas will alone restore the greatness of Handel to our musical public. The desirability of knowing the best things that his tender and majestic talent produced is clear. But if we are to know him—not, say, with the relative completeness with which we know Beethoven but at least with the increasing completeness with which we are being allowed to recognize Bach, Haydn, and Mozart—one prerequisite is performance of at least a dozen of the sacred oratorios, a half dozen among the odes, masques, pastorals, and serenatas, and a representative handful at least of his Italian operas.

This is an intelligent and charming book about some of the most beautiful and—in the United States, at least—most neglected music ever composed.

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Mi-mi-mi . . .

ON STUDYING SINGING. By Sergius Kagen. New York: Rinehart & Co. 119 pp. $2.

By Maggie Teyte

"ANY DISCUSSION of vocal technique is doomed at some point or other to become controversial." With these wise words, through which Sergius Kagen introduces a book full of courage and acute knowledge, I heartily concur; but in this particular instance the controversial aspects are few indeed. Here are none of the pitfalls that earlier authors (such as Lilli Lehmann) have fallen into when writing about this most difficult and complicated subject. Mr. Kagen doesn't think it so very complicated; perhaps he even minimizes the hurdles a bit too cavalierly. There are moments in this very excellent little book when it sounds, or reads, too easily—especially for the singer who has already been led astray. For the gifted student, however, I recommend the volume highly.

The approaches to all the different facets that go to the making of a perfect whole are distinct and clear. There is very little overlapping, which is a decided weakness when trying to describe the art of studying singing. And I am exceedingly grateful to Mr. Kagen for having told the world the difficulties we have—the difficulties that do not exist in the others arts.

Not only students but many singers of today would do well to digest the chapter on the synchronization of the vocal line and the poem—that subtle artistic balance which should be the ultimate aim of any first-class vocalist. Valuable, too, are the author's words on the question of health. How very important this asset is for a public career.

I believe that Mr. Kagen overstresses the value of ear training. We all know it is necessary, but if a youngster is not born with what is known as a musical ear, though still showing signs of the ability to express himself artistically by means of the vocal chords, he should become an actor or lawyer. He *might* become some sort of a singer, but it would not be the real thing. It is on record that a young singer with perfect ear training has been unable to transpose automatically. In a class that I have witnessed the first part of an aria was played in the original key, the second part a semitone higher, but the singer with perfect ear training could not leave the original key. Surely, a truly musical ear has only to memorize "pitch" by concurrently seeing, hearing, and singing a piece of music. This treads, I know, into the domain of sight reading—but, then, I expect all musicians to sight read!

I am rather surprised that Mr. Kagen advocates English for the American student. To pronounce the letter "r" in the American fashion, one has to make terrible contortions of the mouth, and this right away makes for bad tone. So, to teach an American student to sing "r" in the right or—am I permitted to say?—the English way is at once to make him or her do something that is not natural. I should have thought Italian was the easiest to start with, as it contains only five vowels or "sounds." French and German both have six sounds, the added one being their special pronunciations of "u"; English has seven sounds, with its "th" and long "i." But American tops them all with eight sounds, counting this terrible "r."

Sergius Kagen's informative book will serve many: singers to be, singers who are, singers who have been. The beginner should read and study it well, for we singers are more gullible than the gullible. Why it is I don't know, but we will believe almost anything. The student will have a good guide and friend in this book; the singers before the public today will also learn (but this they will keep to themselves). The "has beens" (and here I refer not to age but to those who have lost their voices through bad method) may find the road back to the joy of making music again, which nothing on this earth can surpass.

"You'd better stick to pianissimo, Sigmund—this shoulder seam looks about ready to give."

The Hub—in Tune

SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON. By H. Earle Johnson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 431 pp. $6.

By Moses Smith

THE BOSTON immortality machine, as Virgil Thomson called it in one of his most felicitous moments, has been at work again. This time the subject is not a man but a building. An introduction is contributed by M. A. De Wolfe Howe, the dean of Boston's immortality machine, especially regarding matters pertaining to the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The official character of the book is made clear by the fact that it was written at the recommendation of the trustees of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, although the author himself intimates that he was given "a free hand and an independent voice."

This is an unsatisfactory book in many ways. Most bothersome is the lack of an index—shocking in a book of second-hand reminiscences including many hundreds of names. The loose, frequently obscure, often irrelevant Johnsonian prose makes matters harder. Particularly exasperating is Mr. Johnson's coy assumption that the scantest allusion to a Bostonian name will sufficiently identify it for all Christendom.

The author might nevertheless still

(*Continued on page* 66)

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FICTION

(Continued from page 19)

form the tumultuous events of "The Mill on the Po" into symbols of the universal struggle of man's spirit for enlightenment and redemption. In the entire pattern of the book there is no such person; Lazzaro Scacerni is a common man, and as such he is, so far as the meaning of the time in which he lived is concerned, an opaque medium.

It is quite an old-fashioned book, actually. It is written on a straight line, with little depth or insight, and in a manner reminiscent of the century it describes. The translation is not particularly bright, and altogether it is the dulness of Scacerni and his fellow peasants which comes through rather than any heroic qualities they may have demonstrated while their country was being born from the little kingdoms and Papal States into which the peninsula was divided a hundred years ago. That is no doubt the way it was; there were heroes, of course, but not around Ferrera, or along the Po in the vicinity of St. Michael's mill.

Jungle Crash

WELCOME DARKNESS. By Leon Statham. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 441 *pp.* $3.50.

By NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

MR. STATHAM has a bleak and rather ghastly tale to tell. Seven men parachute to safety from a crippled plane that crashes almost immediately after they jump. They find themselves now in the jungle of one of the Philippines, beset by perils of every sort: the obvious ones of being lost and starved in an alien land and the imminent likelihood of attack and sudden death or perhaps worse, for this is World War II and the Japanese hold these islands. As the days go on they become fewer. One, their leader Murphy, is badly injured in the jump and dies soon after, apparently by his own hand. Another, May, goes mad and poses a terrible problem to his mates until Mills, the central observer in the tale, is forced to kill him in self-defense. And the thing moves to its climax when they are taken by the Japanese, treated horribly, and killed one by one, save for Mills and Jenks, who get away to be hidden by some friendly Filipinos as the story ends.

It is plainly a tale of physical shock or it is nothing. Mr. Statham has embraced this fact willingly and played

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—*General George C. Marshall*

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it, so to speak, from strength. Violence is the theme, like a recurrent motif in a musical composition,. Wherever it appears he has permitted it to develop and enlarge upon itself. He seems to have halted everything else, even time, at these moments, so that the experience of violence moves before our eyes in terrifying slow-motion detail; everything is seen, heard, noted, at once as time and movement stand still, to hold the blow, the cry, the fear, almost in perpetuity. I am thinking in particular of such episodes as the accident to Murphy as he jumps from the plane; the fatal fight between Mills and May, the man gone mad; the final tortures which the Japanese inflict upon Tim. These are lifted to values beyond their accepted place in the narrative by the art of their telling.

It follows from this that the book holds more than would be evident in a narrative summary. If it is true, as seems to be Mr. Statham's thought at the core of the book, that darkness and fear and dire extremity may be the finding of a man when it is not the losing of him (Welcome, Darkness), then we may search here for some illumination of the thesis. There are two among the seven men who come within its limits, and perhaps it is no accident that they are the two who survive the longest. Mills, whose thinking is at the center of things always — we perceive everything through him—comes closest to being the sensitive, growing, strengthening projection of Mr. Statham's idea. But there is also the enigmatic figure of Jenks Galloway, who has a resourcefulness beyond that of Mills. Jenks is closer to the integrity of the ideal man, self-sufficient in whatever darkness there may be or whatever straits. Mills begins by fearing and suspecting Jenks and ends by finding his strange, unflagging sufficiency necessary to his own survival. They make an interesting interplay, against the stark background of their history. Mr. Statham's first published novel suggests that he is a writer of considerable force and imagination.

Search for a Dead Rose

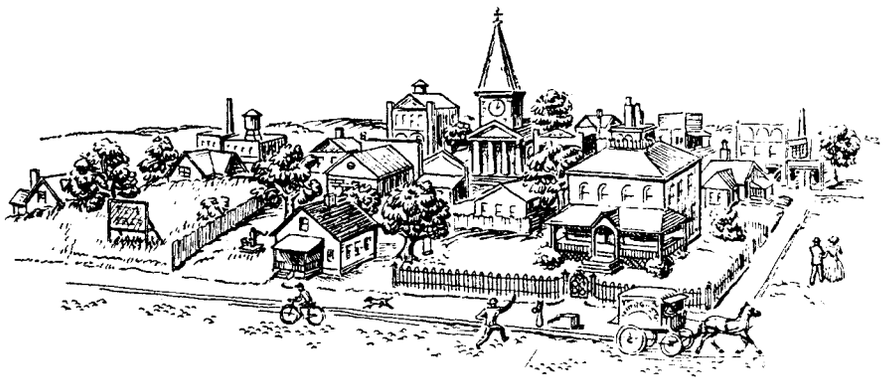
BACK. By Henry Green. New York: The Viking Press. 247 *pp.* $3.

By Walter Havighurst

THE LATEST of Mr. Green's novels to be published in this country (eight have been published in England) bears little resemblance to the earlier ones—"Loving" and "Nothing." It is more commonplace, less brittle and amusing, more taken up with conventional emotions and relationships. Yet it shows the same hand at work. Not only in the clipped, monosyllabic title but in the precisely accented dialogue, in the cross-purposes that confuse his characters, and in the patient, shrewd, and impartial scrutiny with which this author observes his people.

"Back" is the story of Charley Summers, just returned to London in the last year of the war after being repatriated from a German prison camp. He has a metal leg, badly fitted, and we first see him getting off a bus and limping through a village churchyard searching for a tomb. "She had died and this sort of sad garden was where they had put her." Why did she die? Could anyone understand anything?

This pathetic note is not carried on in Mr. Green's novel. Charley becomes more an object of curiosity than of pity or compassion as he takes up his life in the city. He goes through the motions—of work in a war office, of visiting the parents of his dead mistress, of encountering an occasional old friend, and of discovering a widow who is incredibly like his lost Rose. He does all this in a daze. He is groping his way back, but Rose is gone (unless the widow is really Rose and there is no tomb in the churchyard) and there is nothing to return to. Other people don't count. He did meet Mr. Middlewitch for lunch—after having made his acquaintance at the hospital where Middlewitch was being fitted for a metal arm. They had a bond, but it was only "of aluminum, pulleys, and elastic."



—*Jacket design for "Go Home and Tell Your Mother."*

It looks for a time as if Charley might find some consolation in the girl in his office. She was "the only carrot in front of his nose." But the widow is so much like Rose. . . . After an uneasy season they spend Christmas together and the misunderstandings are ended. The widow is not Rose, but Charley's search is over.

The people in Mr. Green's novels are curiously limited. They talk, they eat, they warm themselves at the fire, they make love to each other. They plot and plan and wait and worry. They do all these human things, and yet they never become entirely human. They are creatures seen through a glass, watched very carefully, interpreted shrewdly. Yet each one is distinct from the others; they are not a species but individuals. There is no mystery in them. There seems to be nothing in them except behavior, and they can't possibly have any continuing life after Mr. Green has turned his eyes away.

During the six months' span of this novel the V-bombs were raining on London. They fall from time to time in the story. But the people do and say and think and feel only the usual things, as though it were any other time in history. People cannot sustain any sense of crisis or extremity. They fall quickly back into the pattern. At least these people do. They are not impressed or impressive, but in their wary and persistent way they are alive. You can't really care about them, but for some elusive reason you won't stop reading till their story is told.

Fiction Notes

GO HOME AND TELL YOUR MOTHER, by Max Wylie. Rinehart. $3. A nostalgic period piece, set in Ohio in the early years of this century, Max Wylie's new novel follows a somewhat standard and old-fashioned pattern. The hero, Gil Ilverson, son of a Presbyterian minister, is shakily entering upon his adolescence. His father, narrow, bigoted, and cruel, is violently at war with sex and liquor, though we are allowed to know—in the currently accepted fashion—that this really conceals a nature of deep carnality. His mother is wise and gentle, understanding, and slightly unbelievable. And his town, Preston, has the required complement of eccentric characters, kindly old people, frustrated spinsters, wild youngsters, and, of course, skeletons in the closets. The boy learns all about these in the crowded summer the novel covers. He

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also learns about sex and sorrow, feels the first stirrings of adolescent love, goes to Chautauqua, views Halley's comet, and sees Glen Curtiss attempt one of the earliest overwater flights in a flying machine.

Mr. Wylie writes in a competent, and often pleasantly evocative, style that doesn't quite conceal the rather tired nature of his narrative materials. He is lavish with such period details as the names of the automobiles being driven and the cigarettes being smoked. His very genuine affection for that period communicates itself very frequently. Add, as in pleasant contrast to his brother Philip's violent antipathy to Moms and Momism, that Max Wylie's guns are trained on one of the more villainous Pops in recent books. —EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

ALICE, by Elizabeth Eliot. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $2.75. Even during their days in a fourth-rate boarding school in England, where her intimate friend Margaret Boswell begins her chronicle, Alice Norton was beautiful, unpredictable, and curiously afraid. Margaret worried about Alice, for whom she wished, in her affection, only a life which was kind and secure. But Alice was easily hurt and terribly, constantly afraid, driven by fears which Margaret understood only as she herself became more mature and aware. Margaret watched apprehensively while Alice's sudden marriage drifted inevitably toward calamity, while various determined but not always wise "friends" told Alice what she ought to do—and were believed. It was to Margaret that Alice turned for comfort when catastrophe overtook her, Margaret who cosseted her and rejoiced with her when she was caught up into sudden success in the theatre.

Brittle, sophisticated, and thickly set with devastating little character sketches of a neurotic schoolmistress, a sea-going old alcoholic, a devoted maid more snob than her employer, a dismally unsuccessful debutante, an exquisite and tired young man reluctantly employed in a museum, "Alice" adds up, alas, to a whole which seems considerably less than the sum of its parts. Lacking the wit, irony, and paradox of a novel by Evelyn Waugh or Nancy Mitford (with which comparison if obvious is also inevitable), this remains a curiously frustrating book. Flashes of amusing dialogue, now and again a highly comic situation or a wickedly acute description keep one reading, waiting hopefully for Alice to materialize as something more than a nebulous and entirely aimless heroine, waiting for the author, who so obviously has a great deal of ability, to pull the whole story together and give it focus and edge.

Miss Eliot seems to have been led astray by the current fallacy that a collection of really unattractive people exposed in all their weakness makes a novel. It seems likely that when she learns the other ingredients she will make a thoroughly entertaining novelist. —PAMELA TAYLOR.

THE HORNS OF CAPRICORN, by Helen Topping Miller. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3. The leading heroine of this novel has a heart always being sent "scudding" when the man she loves comes near, and the assistant heroine, her younger sister, has a head always being tossed spiritedly so that her red curls tumble about her cheeks. Nevertheless, for two young ladies of 1900, particularly two brought up in Baltimore on the tradition of the best ancestors (and never mind if the plaster is cracking), Frances and Taffy Keeling have surprising minds of their own. Helen Topping Miller, in this latest of her many books,

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which will be received with the usual joy by her devotees, has made the Keeling girls charming and believable.

Their fussy little mother is a real person, too. Lydia Neary Keeling has lived her adult life in genteel poverty until the family home down in the Pamlico Sound section of North Carolina is willed to the daughters by Uncle Daniel. On becoming one of the "royal" Nearys again Lydia is intent on maintaining the family feud with the Cavitts across the river.

But this being a romantic novel, it is entirely to be expected that the girls will have different ideas about the Cavitts, that the enemy's two sons, born under the Sign of Capricorn, will be dark and handsome and "lonely" and one of them a rake. The rake is nearly the downfall of seventeen-year-old Taffy, but Frances's love for the worthy son, Foxworth, is endangered only by Lydia's insistence on sustaining her hate.

The denouement is never in doubt, and the characters, except for the two girls and their mother are stock pieces to fit the North Carolina setting. But that setting of tobacco warehouses, chugging boats on the sleepy river, carriage roads under trees dripping with Spanish moss is well drawn for pleasant reading. Mrs. Miller has done a good job of arranging her period furniture of that time when the U.S. was still an awkwardly happy, though somewhat restless, adolescent.

—KATHLEEN SPROUL.

MARTIN BUTTERFIELD, by John Burgan. John C. Winston, Philadelphia. $2.50. How ten-year-old Martin Butterfield spends his summer in a small town between the fourth and fifth grades is Mr. Burgan's subject matter in this series of episodes. The incidents, each complete in itself, grew out of a story published in *The Saturday Evening Post.* Sentimentality glows on every page, nostalgia pervades every line, sweet goodness gushes abundantly, and a folksy "philosophy" threads through the book.

When Martin falls off a high bridge and is rescued unhurt by the volunteer fire department, he achieves fame. Believed "drownded" he again becomes a "hero." At camp he and his friend Sparky Roberts meet an "honest to goodness" hobo and Martin gains distinction as a "surrealist" painter by drawing a green horse. As results of Uncle Jonathan's visit to the Butterfield household, beagle hounds and skunks intermingle freely, and the Widow Bussy has her front door chopped down. Martin has a short business career in the matter of magazine "suscritchins." These are some of the situations described in "Martin Butterfield." They are, however, neither original nor meaningful.

The characters in Mr. Burgan's never-never land are without exception fine, lovable people. Pain does not exist and sorrow is unheard of. Everything is bound to turn out all right; everything does. Even "that Stinker" Lawrence Larrabee is really all right; it isn't *his* fault that he goes to prep school and speaks English correctly.

Mr. Burgan has apparently wished to invite comparison of Martin Butterfield with Penrod and Tom Sawyer. It is impossible to do so for, according to Webster, the objects compared must belong to the same class.

—MARTIN BLUMENSON.

THE TIN TRUMPET OF CHINA, by George C. Appell. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $2.75. Set in China at the time of the "incident" which was so bloody a forerunner of the war about to involve the whole world, Mr. Appell's novel depicts a day in the battle history of a company of Chinese soldiers fighting a desperate resistance to the Chinese invaders in 1938. Poorly equipped, ragged, and starving, the company is thrown into a foredoomed attack upon a strongly held Japanese position, because of the opportunistic ambitions of a venal Chinese general and the machinations of an advising Russian. With brutal and savage impact the author describes the incredible sufferings of an army which fought with men as its only expendable weapon. The gruesome scenes of battle and death have rarely been presented in such vivid detail. Yet they are matched in horror by Mr. Appell's descriptions of the daily behind-the-lines life of an army that had nothing but life to cling to. In the department of reporting the filth, degradation, and horror of warfare Mr. Appell needs to concede nothing to any other writer.

Unfortunately, his skill as a novelist does not match his craftsmanship as a reporter. The inefficiencies, bunglings, and villainies of his high command, while believable, are never made wholly convincing. The plot contrivances by which his hero, after heroic action, dies as a traitor at the hands of the corrupt general are patent and amateurish. More, by focusing his attention too narrowly upon the stupidities and corruptions—which his plot demanded—he fails to explain the historical fact that the Chinese did repel their invaders, or even to include the possibility that they would.

Though the book must be registered as a disappointment as a novel, Mr. Appell's outstanding skill as an evocative reporter commands attention.

—EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

BRAVE COMPANY, by Guthrie Wilson. Putnam's. $3. Mr. Wilson's first war novel is plainly a dud. This is all the more a pity since he is a decorated New Zealand infantryman with grim war experience and a sincere desire to pay "tribute to infantrymen of all nationalities." In his anxiousness to pay tribute he belabors the subject and neglects to breathe any sort of life into characters and incidents. The locale of the novel is somewhere in Italy shortly after the Cassino battle, and the author takes us by the hand in schoolmaster fashion to point out war's cabinet of horrors. Whenever the author stops lecturing, his main character, Peter Considine, a near-graduate of Ashenden University, takes up the verbal slack by commenting and reflecting on his company buddies' past, present, and future, rarely permitting them to speak for themselves. There is little action to speak of and much of the narration is amateurish stylistic — "I sat there, half in shadow, drinking through my parched eyes the nectar of her loveliness." No matter how valid, message must take a back seat to craftsmanship in a novel. —SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

—Jacket design for "Brave Company."

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FLOODTIDE, by Frank Yerby. Dial Press. $3. In his new novel, Frank Yerby has attempted to divert streams of various depths into one great river, but the result is merely an overflow of rivulets which trickle along for no reasonable purpose. This is the story of Ross Pary, who moved from a Natchez river shack to a Greek Revival mansion, ever at the mercy of feminine whims and torn between causes and principles he can never reconcile. This "colorful panorama of the old slaveholding South" is historical fiction at its worst, its chief appeal being made to comic-book readers and written hardly a notch above the Orphan Annie level. Except for a few minor characters, its heroes and heroines, villains and villainesses comprise a tawdry assortment of stereotypes who should be left in their graves for the rest of time. —JOSEPH M. GRANT.

SPANISH WRITERS IN EXILE, edited by Angel Flores. Bern Porter, Publisher, Berkeley, Calif. $4. A collection of eleven short stories, this slim book is of value largely because it is the first widely available translation of eleven Spanish authors. The book is divided into three sections: the first five stories were written in the days of the Republic, the next three during the Civil War, and the last three since that time. This is a rather arbitrary arrangement, since the events of these stories do not always fall within the time limits, and the very title of the collection implies a political flavor which is not apt. That all the authors included are in exile seems to have given the editor his sole criterion in selecting these stories, which are decidedly uneven in quality and apparently marred by the various translators. Two of the stories, however, are excellent. One is the historical extravaganza by Francisco Ayala, which examines a memoir of the seventeenth century and finds hidden in it a terrifying allegory. The other is a fine folk tale by Joaquin Arderius, which mirrors the simple, yet ironic, Spanish landscape usually associated with the work of Federico Garcia Lorca. The book lacks that subtle genius most of us associate with Spain. —DONALD RICHIE.

THE EAGLE ON THE COIN, by R. V. Cassill. Random. $3. It has become the fashion of late to drag in Freudianism, Communism, and homosexualism into our novels as often as not when they would have been best omitted. This novel in particular suffers from their intrusion. If the author has tried to show that the little town of Riverton, somewhere on the borderline of North and South, is reluctant to elect a Negro to its school board, surely it clouds the issue to have the chief mover of the idea turn out to be a homosexual and thus sway the public against the Negro's election. As Tom Kettle was a radical, a complex-ridden individual, a homosexual, and a saloon-keeper to boot, you could scarcely blame the public of Riverton for looking askance. It would have been better for the story and for the author's thesis if he had Tom Kettle psychoanalyzed at the beginning and not at the end, if this unsavory character had to be analyzed at all. Scarcely less irrational is the notion that a man writing on a famous abolitionist of more than a hundred years ago should find it necessary to identify his cause with the present to the extent of participating in the political fight. After all, Cameron is a professor, not a politician, and scarcely a reader but will feel that it was only right that he should come a cropper. All of which is a pity, because the novelist is not without writing skill and storytelling ability, which he might have turned to better advantage if he could have eliminated modern superfluities which are in such great danger of becoming formulas.
—JOHN COURNOS.

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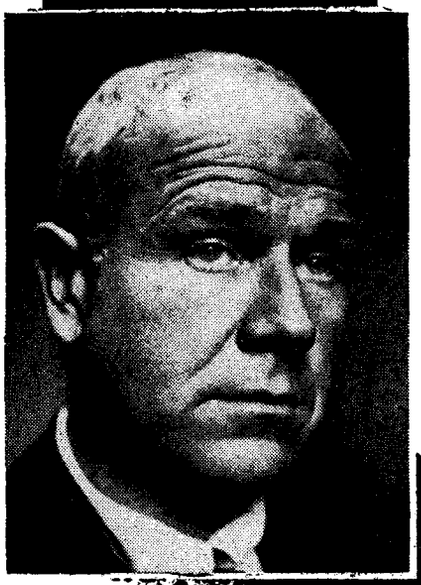

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Poetry. *One of the ways in which the practice of the arts in America differs from that in Europe is the sharp line that demarks writers from workers in allied fields such as the fine arts and music. In next week's* SRL *James Thrall Soby will comment on Roger Shattuck's new translation of poetry and prose by the Polish-Frenchman Guillaume Apollinaire. The pieces in "The Selected Apollinaire Writings," Mr. Soby says, have much to tell Americans about fine arts. One American who has ventured to span two fields is Nathaniel Burt, a musician, whose "Question on a Kite" is reviewed on this page. . . . Christopher Morley, sometime* SRL *editor and perennial favorite with its readers, has a new volume of robust and joyous verse, "The Ballad of New York," which is discussed below.*

The Joys & Sadness of Men

THE BALLAD OF NEW YORK: New York, and Other Poems. By Christopher Morley. New York: Doubleday & Co. 96 pp. $2.50.

QUESTION ON A KITE. By Nathaniel Burt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 43 pp. $2.

By Sara Henderson Hay

"THE BALLAD OF NEW YORK" has the accent of a man who thoroughly enjoys himself. One gathers from these pages that Mr. Morley finds his own mind a congenial and witty companion, pleasant to walk down a street or a country lane with, continually and freshly stimulating. He is not plagued, as was somebody or other in Shakespeare, with "the disease of not noting, the malady of not marking." He has that robust and healthy alertness of spirit which responds to a wide range of stimuli, both intellectual and emotional—the sights and sounds of the metropolis as well as all country pleasures, neon and firelight, first nights at the theatre, and "moonlight when it stipples Long Island Sound with ripples"; he notes with gusto a well-turned ankle and a well-turned phrase.

"What are the joys of men?" he inquires, and proceeds to enumerate some of them:

Ink that runs from the pen
And forms unbidden the desiderate word;
Scraps of conversation overheard;
Swimming after sweat;
Driving a car;
Remembering the name of one unexpectedly met;
The first cocktail at the bar.
The first warm sun in March;
Collars without starch . . .

. . . . . .

Old brown shoes well shined,
The laughter hidden in the mind;
Days when everything seems funny;
The return of long-loaned money;
Full appreciation of some art
(Whether hockey or Hokusai);
A bad cold nursed with rock-and-rye;
Hitching the horse behind the cart;
Believing in your soul
The part is greater than the whole. . . .

In another poem he says:

Never go anywhere without a pencil . . .

Somehow, somewhere, in train or steaming tub,
In subway, street, or accidental pub,

There'll be a glory you must annotate
For those who tuned in late . . .

I do not suggest that Mr. Morley goes about seeking what he may turn into a gay rhyme. He is naturally articulate, spontaneous and, like all good talkers and genial men, expansive and generous. But the deeper chord is there, the introspective and profound, notably in those poems in which only the technique is light. "Toulemond; Intermezzo" is a kind of satire on the "Rabbi ben Ezra" theme, rollicking, slangy, a bit bawdy, touching the quick and then glancing off, just enough to let us know that it can really hurt. He is neither sententious nor pompous, and he can poke a good bit of fun at his own expense, being as quick to perceive and chuckle at his own foibles as he is to take a sly dig at the solemnities of people in general. Since he is a bookman and a scholar, his circle includes not only his contemporaries but those older friends from the Lake District and Chaucer's London and the Mermaid Tavern. He enjoys, as does Helen Bevington, making the literary anecdote and the literary figure immediate and human.

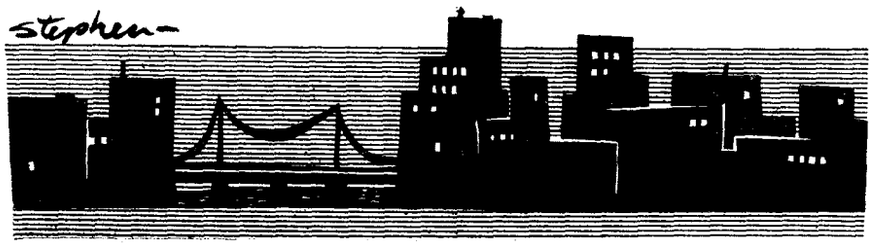
The title poem is a brash and breezy ballad, a defense of the

Town that has no ceiling price,
A Town of double-talk,
A Town so big men name her twice,
Like so—N'Yawk, N'Yawk.

N'Yawk is okay with Mr. Morley, he assures us a little too loudly. I find him more convincingly himself as the kinsman of Herrick and "Old Sweetheart Geoff," and in those poems which display his wit rather than his ability to wise-crack and out-Nash Ogden—where the humor is not so broad as it is sharp and incisive. And I like best of all those poems of real delicacy and sensitivity, in which is illustrated that the subtle melody can often be more effective than all the noise from the brass section of the orchestra.

* * *

"QUESTION ON A KITE" is the work of a poet who at his best combines the modern and the traditional, without doing violence to either. Mr. Burt's technique is, for the most part, decidedly in the modern idiom, employing as does much modern music (and he is a composer as well as a poet) subtle harmonies, balance, and tonal effects rather than the conventional rhythms and patterns. On the other hand, the prevailing spirit is traditional, almost classic. I have the feeling occasionally that Mr. Burt has not quite decided how much of a modernist he really wants to be. There are in the second section of the book several brief lyrics, delicate, graceful, really Elizabethan in flavor. In some of the freer and more modern poems there is sometimes a rather jarring naivete, an anachronistic note, as in the poem beginning "If I could soar, soar from this mundane scene." The influence of Cummings is apparent in some of the work, though Mr. Burt is never extreme nor given to verbal gymnastics or obscurantism. Those



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poems, including the title poem, seem to be the least successful in the book, simply because to my way of thinking the poet has assumed a technique too much at variance with his natural inclination.

But in the majority of the poems the two factions are more happily adjusted; the apparent freedom, the breaking away from the strict conventionalities of rhyme and meter, are neither casual nor undisciplined, and the musicianship is evident. There is much musical allusion, naturally enough. He can be ironic, as in the graphic but rather too smart "Exhibition for Commuters," "Let us devote New Jersey to the utterly desolate . . . "; imaginative as in the very charming "Pristine Bathers"; fanciful as in "Early Song." I liked particularly the poem called "Elegiac," which illustrates, I think, Mr. Burt's melodic touch:

I'll say no more of joy; melancholy's
a sweeter vein. I'd ease my thought of
it
as on a reed particular to minors.
There the golden notes
come seldom (richly throated,
ripened like afternoon); for the flow is
silver,
cool as tears, as still and reserved
as a small evening water.

You may share it,
if you are so inclined. Sit by me here
and in the shade, our pale hands
touching, kiss
mutely, listen to the quiet . . . .
the careful grayness broken by our
breath
in shallow sighs.
Yet I am afraid
love is too warm; this melody plays
not
because of love, nor for the lack of
love;
It plays instead of love, or as it were
is love itself, the pure and sad liquor,
which of another mouth, from the
same caverned source
originally springs.
Hear it, hear it bubble
like a flute,
drop in a liquid coil from clarinets.
Listen, and turn away;
or stay, and moved,
find how perhaps the self-same music
wells
and brings behind your lids a
tenderness
nameless, objectless, stolen from your
passions,
delivered without purpose to the air.

The lost child, the lost land, the nostalgia for the remembered country of the heart, these are chords which Mr. Burt strikes again and again. There is present in much of his work a delicate melancholy, an evening quiet, a sadness not akin to pain, neither rebellious nor violent but tuned, as he says, to "a reed particular to minors." Perhaps what I miss in Mr. Burt's poems as a whole is a feeling of violence and vigor, of strength and richness which, for all its real beauty of phrase and melody, it seems to me to lack.

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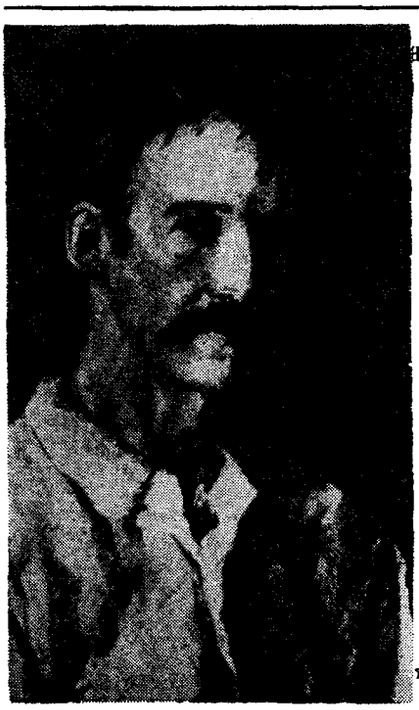

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Tenderness & Song

AFTER THE BOMBING. By Edmund Blunden. New York: The Macmillan Co. 51 pp. $1.25.

POEMS AND SONGS. By E. N. Da C. Andrade. The same. 89 pp. $1.50.

By A. M. Sullivan

EDMUND BLUNDEN is probably better known in America as a poet of the English countryside than Professor Andrade, who is none the less graceful in his lyric gifts. Both have been obscured by the daring young poets on the left who have thrown stones at the rose windows of a Victorian tradition, and have commanded the critical attention of our editors and publishers.

After reading the latest Blunden volume I went back to some of his earlier books and found the same poet at work on the same themes, although there is more retrospect in the recent volume. Blunden is a reporter of the natural event, a little too eager to set down the trivial item or the remnant of conversation. He has a Wordsworthian delight in nature but his poems seldom rise to a passionate pitch of discovery. The emotional fire is lacking and has for a substitute a nostalgic tenderness. There is pleasure to be found in many of the poems once this mood is accepted, in poems such as "William Lily's Rules for Schoolboys." No American poet has done for baseball a better tribute than "Hammond, a Cricketer":

Not to have seen Hammond in such an hour
Is not to know the stature of true sport,
The quiet instancy of natural power.

* * *

Professor Andrade ranges wider in his selection of themes, some of which have a touch of Herrick in their quaint enterprise, especially in the love songs which adorn many of the pages, for instance:

Go, teach the swan to swim,
The swallow still to skim,
The bat to go by night
The lark to love the light,
The tortoise to step short, the gnat to move,
And counsel me to love.

Like Alexander Pope, Andrade "thought in numbers, and the numbers came," for there is a quatrain, sonnet, or madrigal on such diverse topics as "The Night Club," "To the Master of Trinity with a Book," and a shrewd allegory of "The Lioness," who brings to mind "La Belle Dame Sans Merci."

Andrade is a skilled craftsman, content to be a singer and willing to eschew politics and the imponderables of the world of our time. He is a scholar whose songs have no intermural echoes, and in "The Scholar at Night" concludes:

A pillow of fresh leaves I'll heap
And, freed from all their iron rules,
I'll softly turn my soul to sleep
And quite forget the hateful school....

Poetry Notes

FIRST PRINCIPLES OF VERSE (Revised Edition), by Robert Hillyer. The Writer, Inc., Boston. $2. There are three categories of poets—those who know the rules, those who are confused by them, and those who ignore them. The mathematics of prosody has always been a problem to the bardic schools from Pindar to Gerard Manley Hopkins. A young man named Walter Whitman wrote finger-counting iambs and trochees for New York papers a decade or two before he tossed aside the rule book and became Walt with the "barbaric yawp." If Whitman couldn't write according to rules, Poe and Lanier thrived by them. Robert Hillyer believes in the rules of prosody—and follows them.

In his revised edition of "First Principles of Verse" Hillyer has added much new material. One valuable addition is the essay "On Reading Verse Aloud." The number of Ameri-

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

FOR IRREGULARS ONLY

Jack Lacy, of the *Birmingham* (Ala.) *News*, offers twenty characters whose descriptions are based mostly on deductions made by Sherlock Holmes. Allowing two points for each one you can name and another four for the story in which he appears, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 38.

1. He was a muscular man, left-handed, with an excellent set of teeth, careless in his habits, and with no need to practise economy.
2. He had been most intimately associated with someone whose initials were J. A. and whom he was afterwards eager to entirely forget.
3. He was a fine fellow, but had a struggle to keep up his position: his boots had been resoled.
4. He was the Napoleon of crime, the organizer of half that was evil and nearly all that was undetected in London.
5. He had at some time done manual labor, took snuff, was a Freemason, had been in China, and had done considerable writing lately.
6. She was a short-sighted typist who had left home in a hurry to consult Holmes.
7. He was a highly intellectual man who led a sedentary life, went out little, was out of training, middle-aged, and had recently-cut grizzled hair.
8. He was the best shot in India and the second most dangerous man in London.
9. He was a bachelor, a solicitor, a Freemason, and an asthmatic.
10. She had the spatulate finger-ends of a typist but a spirituality about the face which indicated the musician.
11. He was the king of all blackmailers with "a smiling face and a heart of marble."
12. He smoked cigarettes especially prepared for him by Ionides of Alexandria and received a thousand every fortnight.
13. He was born in South Africa, where he had been in the Middlesex Corps of the Imperial Yeomanry.
14. The shoulder cut of his coat and the toes of his boots showed that although he was an American he had been in England for some time.
15. He was a man of untidy habits, left with good prospects, who threw away his chances and finally, taking to drink, died.
16. He knew nothing of literature, philosophy, or astronomy, little of politics, had a good practical knowledge of English law and a profound knowledge of chemistry and sensational literature.
17. He gave up a good position with Mason & Williams, stock-broking firm, to accept a place with the Franco-Midland Hardware Company, of which he had never heard before.
18. He spoke several languages, played nearly every musical instrument, but had one fault—he was a bit of a Don Juan.
19. He lodged in Pall Mall, worked in Whitehall, and was at the Diogenes Club from a quarter of five to twenty to eight every day.
20. He was the hero of the Long Island Cave Mystery.

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can poets who read their poems well are few, while a good reading voice seems to be a natural heritage for the poets of Europe and Asia. Other chapters deal with diction, the music of words, meter, basic metrical forms, French forms, and the ode. Mr. Hillyer adds several other chapters on the reviewing and criticism of verse. Charging that only an exaggerated egotism refuses to comply with universally accepted standards, Hillyer says, "If every writer is to be a law unto himself, criticism is superfluous, indeed impossible. . . ." If you are a follower of the Whitman, Eliot, Auden, or Ogden Nash methods of verse making, this book won't help you a bit. It is a good guide, however, for students, teachers, and neophytes who want to know the rules and theories of prosody before cutting a fresh swath into those boggy marginal lands where poets often perish because they have no sense of direction.

BARNYARD YEAR, by Fred Lape. Harper & Bros. $2.50. Fred Lape is a poet who divides his time between teaching and farming, and the title of his book is a precise description of its contents. Like Virgil in the "Georgics," Lape's observations on farm life are first hand, sympathetic, and realistic. In only one poem does his vision lift beyond the immediate experience of the stall and byre, and in this he sees the winter stars

Over the dark rectangle of the barn,
on this tiny atom of creation, this
earth,
over this city of tiny life, the horses
and cows and pigs and sheep, the
circle turns.

It is one of the few poems in which effective description, the careful and often eloquent language of animal husbandry, is pushed aside for a touch of sublimity.

The dominant line length of the poems is blank verse iambic pentameter, with frequent variations. One of the notable exceptions is "Morning After Blow," in which the poet digs away the drifts against the barn door. Once inside, he reels in the warm and heavy pungence of the animals, while here and there are "Little fans of white spread from each tiny hole or crack."

There is a commendable unity to the collection, a certainty of language, and a lack of literary pretense. On the minus side, the lack of rhyme invites lack of discipline.

The line drawings by Aldren Watson add considerable charm to Mr. Lape's collection.

TIME SUSPENDED, by Edith Grobmann. The Decker Press, Prairie City, Ill. $2. Edith Grobmann brings an

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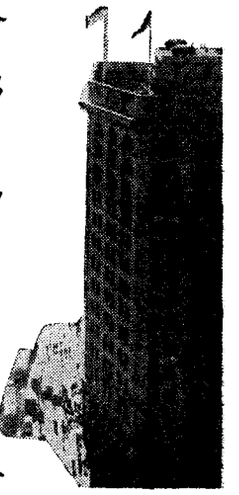

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MACMILLAN

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original talent and sympathetic eye to her themes in "Time Suspended." Working with mentally ill patients at an asylum by the sea, she offers understanding and light for those who claw at the mists in their minds. She speaks of Mary, an inmate, watching the sea gulls:

She leaned upon the comfort of a word
as if assurance and a little light
could prove defense as actual as sword
against the widening violence of night.

This is not a city of Blake with Swedenborgian visions, but dark corridors of terror leading into a tantalizing maze of light and into darkness again. The Latinized and multisyllabled phrases bother the reader at first, but they are soon accepted in the pattern set by the poet. The dropping of the definite article is an unnecessary mannerism. There is also an excessive use of the feminine ending, even in such an effective poem as "Orpheus."

The twenty love sonnets titled "The Seedling Hour" are well wrought, even tempered, and marked with a restrained fire. There are the occasional flaws of rhetoric that a sonnet sequence invites, including strange or technical phrases, such as:

Allegiance free knows bond no more, no less,
than memory, in tenuous telodendrons,
wears in weave of love and quietness
where ran your gentle hand and whispers once.

When Miss Grobmann conquers the problem of words and learns to wrestle sound into full semantic control we should have a fine poet.

—A. M. S.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Grant Munro, in "The Yellow Face." 2. Justice of the Peace Trevor, in "The Gloria Scott." 3. Lord Holdhurst, in "The Naval Treaty." 4. Professor Moriarty, in "The Final Problem." 5. Jabez Wilson, in "The Red-Headed League." 6. Mary Sutherland, in "A Case of Identity." 7. Henry Baker, in "The Blue Carbuncle." 8. Col. Sebastian Moran, in "The Empty House." 9. John Hector McFarlane, in "The Norwood Builder." 10. Violet Smith, in "The Solitary Cyclist." 11. Charles Augustus Milverton, in "The Adventure of Charles Augustus Milverton." 12. Professor Coram, in "The Golden Pince-Nez." 13. James M. Dodd, in "The Blanched Soldier." 14. John Garrideb (alias Killer Evans), in "The Three Garridebs." 15. Dr. Watson's brother, in "The Sign of the Four." 16. Sherlock Holmes, in "A Study in Scarlet." 17. Hall Pycroft, in "The Stock-Broker's Clerk." 18. Brunton, the butler, in "The Musgrave Ritual." 19. Mycroft Holmes, in "The Greek Interpreter." 20. Pinkerton Detective Leverton, in "The Red Circle."

U.S.A.

(*Continued from page 14*)

tor, that he "remembered" Dr. Lattimore's name on a confidential list of Communist Party members and/or agents.

The Lattimore advisory services to the State Department were confined to one memorandum, which scarcely could have formed China policy since its recommendations were not followed. What Dr. Lattimore actually has stood for, in his personal writings and in his Senate Committee testimony as reprinted in the present book, is a China policy aimed at preventing China, whether Communist or otherwise, from becoming the political and military dependent of Soviet Russia.

The account here, too, pays due and vivid respects to the tactics of accusers and enemies. McCarthy, Dr. Lattimore writes, "uses . . . the repetitive lie, renewing a charge after it has been disproved, and the alternative lie, switching from one unsupported charge to another." The professional ex-Communist witnesses and talebearers, the Budenzes and Freda Utleys, practise a "rigmarole of skulduggery, built up with repeated 'I was there' allusions to [a] conspiratorial past." From their hangover acquaintance with the subtleties of Communist discipline and practices they wantonly build up a case for the charge that "anything anti-Communist in either my writings or my actions ought to be taken as proof of my being in fact a Communist."

"Bully boy politicians of the McCarthy stripe," Dr. Lattimore proceeds, "were the forerunners who softened up Germany for the coming of Hitler. They are demagogues . . . skilled in the exploitation of fear. They aim at more than the intimidation of the individual. If the individual can be successfully intimidated, then whole areas of timidity can be created among politicians, in the press, on the radio, in the moving-picture industry, and in school and colleges. We have the grave and recent warning of history that once a whole society has been softened up in this way, it is easy to create a demand for a leader who will resolve the confusion, impose conformity and regimentation, and install the Fascism that is the final ambition of the demagogues."

It is against this peril that Dr. Lattimore's ordeal and his bold and unsparing account of it warn us. "There is a Chinese saying," the author told the Senate investigating committee, "that in guarding against the tiger at the front door you should not let your attention be distracted from the wolf at the back door. I urge that we take care of both the wolf and the tiger."

"Ordeal by Slander" is a passionately hard-hitting book against the clear and present danger which American society runs in the 1950's of trying to fight totalitarianism abroad with an unnecessary and far more degrading form of totalitarianism on the home front. If the carbuncle of McCarthyism is not permitted to develop into a fatal cancer, it will be a great pamphleteering operation to remember—say, in 1984. Maybe, well before that time, someone will have rechristened it—"Ordeal of Democracy."

Public Trusteeship

SOCIAL ASPECTS OF ENTERPRISE IN THE LARGE CORPORATION, by George B. Hurff. University of Pennsylvania Press. $2. A competent rehash and judicious integration of much heterogeneous thinking about corporate enterprise that has been accumulating in the kitchen cupboard of political economy for three decades. The author, director of the University of Florida's College of Business Administration, starts from the proposition that the modern big corporation, as an economic unit, is an altogether different kind of fish from your independent corner grocer or even old Mr. Gotrocks who owns and runs the mill on the edge of town. This won't surprise anyone familiar with the work of Berle and Means in the Thirties or with Thurman Arnold's comments on the folklore of capitalism. But Mr. Hurff is not bent upon originality. He's trying to nail down two troublesome points about the place of corporations in our economic life: their accountability to the public and the safeguarding of the stockholder. He comes to no blueprinted conclusions, but only a hopeful, if somewhat nebulous, advocacy of a "public trusteeship" attitude on the part of corporate executives. Yet Mr. Hurff has performed a valuable service. By tying together so much material and so many concepts that have been floating around on the periphery of formal economic theory, he has constructed a ring of ideas about the corporation as an economic entity which should no longer be dealt with in law as a "fictitious person" or in folklore as a mere aggregation of investors. The implications are enormous, especially when it comes to thinking about profits, taxes, and the regulation of business. A good, though exacting, book for beginners.

—Peter R. Levin.

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PRECARIOUS PROFESSION

(Continued from page 9)

latable does it become. Everyone translating from the English, for instance, finds himself at a loss as to how to do justice to the progressive form of verbs, for no other Western tongue is able to express incomplete action through the verb's aspect alone. Or take—it may look like a trifle—the problem posed to English translators by the two different ways of addressing people common to everyday usage in all Western languages save English. Take, in particular, the switch from, "*vous*" to "*tu*" (one remembers the famous passage in Stendhal's "Rouge et Noire" that shows to perfection the immense importance of that switch). Not counting the possible—or rather, impossible—use of "thou" and "thee," there are four different methods of coping with that situation: the translator may ignore it; he may insert in the dialogue a few words such as "said X, suddenly using the familiar "*tu*"; or he may (in addition to that expedient, or without having used it) attempt to give to X's speech from that point on the note of informality, tenderness, or (as the case may be) condescension, which the French express by the switch to "*tu*" and the conjugational forms that go with it. Which of these solutions makes for the most faithful translation?

Seen from a higher vantage, faithfulness in a translation is determined by the degree of its avoidance of loss. Let me cite as an example of the most subtle avoidance of loss this deceptively simple sentence from Scott Moncrieff's Proust: "I would arrive at the house in time for *déjeuner*, which Mme. Swann called 'le lunch.'" Naturally, "lunch" is italicized in the original, and "déjeuner" is not; any translator would have acted as Scott Moncrieff did in *that* respect. But the stroke of genius by which, without the slightest loss, he conveys Mme. Swann's rather primitive Anglomania to the English-speaking reader consisted of leaving the "le" in front of "lunch" both untranslated and unitalicized. Some other translator might have tried to solve the problem by making Mme. Swann call "*le lunch*" "ze lunch" in his English text, thus vulgarizing her for many pages to come to his readers.

We talk of a translator's linguistic feeling or instinct—his *Sprachgefühl*—rather than his knowledge, or even his skill. His decisive gift in translating creative writing is his talent to transfer characters together with the words they utter and situations

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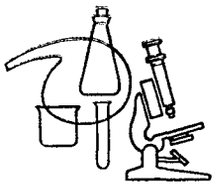

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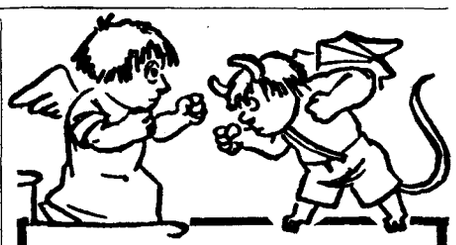

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together with the words that describe them. Like the problems of writing, those of translating defy a purely rational approach.

What, moreover, makes the translator's work so precarious—and so greatly restricts the life expectancy of its results—are factors which need must stay outside the field of his vision.

Several years ago I came across a contemporary translation of one of Thomas Dekker's plays, whose wooden and hollow-sounding language was blatantly at variance with the Elizabethan vigor of the original. The cause for that was clear: the translator had stood at the same distance from the author as did the civilization of the war-ravaged Germanies of the Thirty Years War period from the culture of early-seventeenth-century England.

MORE frequent are cases of translators living in refined surroundings who misjudge the degree of rawness in a less developed society. Even good, unabridged Continental renderings of James Fenimore Cooper's stories exude a coarse exoticism absent from their originals.

True, these are extreme instances of contemporary cultural disparities in the Western world. But who, save the historian of the future, can say how deep such cleavages are beneath the surface of today's common Western values? The very nature of these disparities makes them visible, or at least shows them in the proper perspective, only in retrospect.

They may interfere with the translator's work through a great many different channels—ranging from the simple lack of equivalents in the translator's national culture to specific foreign concepts, to his unconscious attitude toward the specific foreign civilization. So, for instance, may a condescending attitude in someone belonging to a powerful nation toward a weak one give to his translation of a book coming from that country a patronizing slant which unconsciously stresses the "quixotic" aspects of that part of the world. Conversely, the translator belonging to a politically weak or poor nation is prone to overrate the significance of everything peculiar to the powerful country and to lend it an undue emphasis.

It would be tempting to pursue that

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THE COMPLETE DETECTIVE *Rupert Hughes* (Sheridan House: $3.50)	Biography of a real detective: Raymond Schindler, who has handled 10,000 cases of human error; most famous, Sir Harry Oakes murder.	Interesting stuff but writing of devoted Boswell Hughes creaks and fiction remains stranger than truth.	Might as well read
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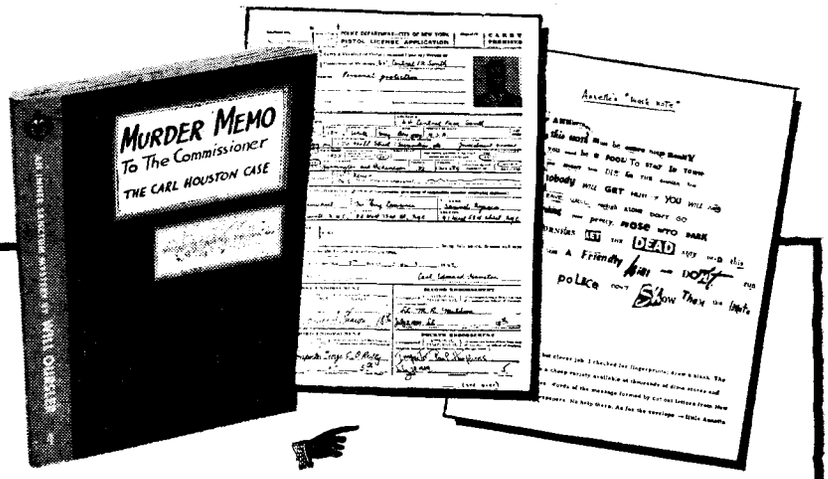
thought. However, the reader is entitled to ask where that pursuit might lead. Since I suggest that any translation is affected by powers beyond the translator's control, or even his perception, do I mean to say there is no such thing as successful translation? Of course I do not. I mentioned earlier several beautiful recent translations. Each year brings forth, in many countries, a surprising number of translations which—judging by the reception accorded them—convey to their readers a great deal of the essence of the originals. Only the worst of intellectual snobs would maintain that no one can possibly understand a book fully and appreciate its beauty unless he is able to read its original. What I submit is simply that every translation represents only *one* attempt to trace, amid dangers seen and unseen, the author's thoughts and reproduce them not only in a medium but also by means basically strange to them.

This is also the way authors, by and large, feel about the foreign editions of their books themselves. Only a small minority of them are equipped to do more than barely identify their text in the foreign garment. That is an experience as thrilling as it is ambiguous. As a rule the author takes it for granted that some part, some component of what he is convinced he expressed through the only words, the only sounds suited to his thoughts and mental images, is missing from the foreign words which his translator—within the limitations set him by the spirit of his language — thought were suited to the original. To the author a "perfect translation" is a contradiction in terms. That fact is, ironically, borne out by the few instances of bilingual writers who set out to translate their own books: they invariably arrived at rewriting them. Albert Schweitzer did.

However, no author can prevent his work's translation from assuming a life of its own. And that is precisely what a beautiful translation does. (Certainly this is true for successful poetry translations. But they present a special case inasmuch as only poets can translate poetry.) Great translations become part of the literature of their own language. They, and not their originals, influence a country's literature and lift it from its isolation. Translating may be a precarious profession or undertaking. But what attempt to make people and nations understand one another is not?

Robert Pick, a native of Austria, is the author of "Guests of Don Lorenzo," "The Terhoven File," and other novels. He has translated a number of German works into English.



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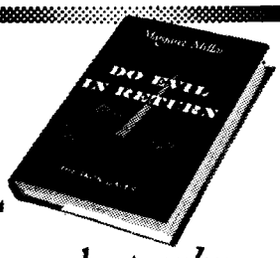

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DAVOS, SWITZERLAND.

THE TOWN of Davos will be well remembered by Miss Barbara Ann Scott, the Canadian figure skater; by some 600 American pilots who were interned here during the war; by the German consul who was in residence at the time; by uncounted GI's who came on leave after the shooting was over, and, for that matter, by anyone who ever came here to ski.

Davos sits in an Alpine valley in Switzerland's eastern extremity. Over the mountains to the north is Austria; over the mountains on the south is Italy. If dollars and distance are two of your lesser concerns, you will find some of the world's best skiing on the surrounding slopes. The snow comes early in November and leaves late in April. There is also a skating rink on hand that measures 36,000 square yards. It is the largest in Europe. Barbara Ann Scott won the European championship on it in 1947 and the world's championship on it in 1948. Her picture is still plastered all over town, and her memory remains vividly imbedded in the minds of the townsfolk. But the heart of the people of Davos belongs to the American fliers who spent seven wartime months living off the fat of the land. The airmen had either been forced down by enemy action, by engine trouble, or by the Swiss themselves, whose neutral territory they were violating. The Yanks lived in the elegant Palace Hotel, went skiing, played golf, and made their unofficial headquarters in the Café Schneider, a geranium-covered tea room whose menu now reads: "Les Specialités de la Maison—Hamburger, Hot Dog, Steak Sandwich." Under the Swiss Alpine eaves outside sits a sign advertising another lethal by-product of the American invasion—banana splits.

The principal proprietor of the Café Schneider, Rosita Schneider, a youngish Swiss lady, acted as mother to the Americans, being mainly occupied fixing up box lunches for those who attempted to escape over the border to make their way via the French maquis back to England. In its spare time the café was in the business of making and dispensing delectable chocolates, marzipan, and such local concoctions as cheese fondue. As one American wrote in the café's guest book, "There are no spiders on the Schneiders."

In a manner totally befitting the aristocratic Air Force, many escapees took off in grand style, hiring taxi cabs to carry them as far as Geneva near the French border. Lt. Stuart Goldsmith, of Akron, Ohio, however, went on the lam in the most unusual way of all. A young Swiss friend of Goldsmith's borrowed an outfit from his mother, and the American flier tried it on. He paraded in it at the golf club and then at the Café Schneider. When no one recognized him, not even Rosita, Goldsmith and the Swiss bought railroad tickets and left for Zurich. They stayed two days at the home of the owner of the dress and then left for Geneva. Stuart eventually wormed his way back into American hands and, like many another ex-GI, he returned to Davos last year to introduce his wife, Suzanne, to the Schneiders.

—E. Meerkamper-Davos.

At Parsenn—skiing and jass, the national card game, but "no night life."

THE return of Americans in any shape or form is particularly gratifying to Davos, which still remembers the day the Yank fliers were repatriated as one of the greatest in the town's modern history. More than half of the community's 10,000 citizens overran the tiny railroad station. As Rosita recalls, "It was a sensation! I have never seen something like it." A band played and many girls wept. A number of Swiss sweethearts were later reclaimed and live now in such varied locations as Union City, New Jersey; Watertown, Illinois, and Houston, Texas.

For tourists Davos has two seasons. The summer session runs from June 15 until the end of August, and the winter season from the first of December through Easter. The Belvedere Hotel, the only place officially classified "de luxe," doesn't bother to open for the summer. Its rates run about $7 a day for a room and bath and full pension. By European custom you can count on an extra fifty cents a day heating charge, a small *taxe de séjour*, which is a levy put on by the town, and an automatic charge for tipping—15 per cent if you stay one day, 12 per cent for two days, and 10 per cent thereafter. The bill at "first-class" establishments such as the Palace, the Meierhof, or the Derby will run about $2 a day less.

Although Davos does draw some of the international glitter from St. Moritz, two hours away—both Michael of Rumania and the Marquis of Milford Haven stayed at the Derby on their honeymoons—the resort takes

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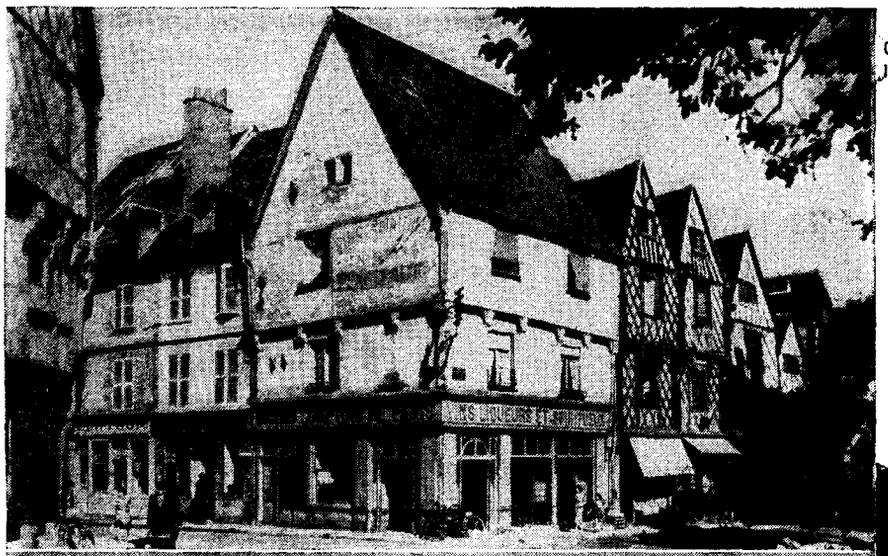

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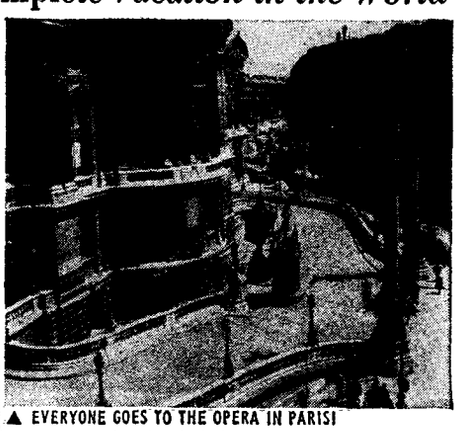

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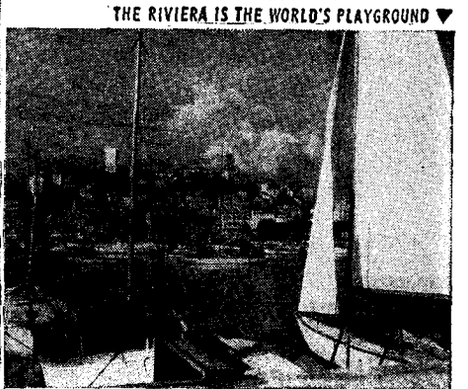

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its winter sports seriously. Unlike St. Moritz, dinner here is early and there is no night life. At the crack of dawn or shortly thereafter the skiers are off to the lifts at Parsenn and the Schatzalp. A covered funicular railway at Parsenn takes skiers up to the Weissfluhjoch, which stretches 8,820 feet into the Swiss sky, in a comfortable twenty minutes. The longest trail winds ten miles back to town. The funicular up the Schatzalp grinds up 4,550 feet, but a chair lift takes you another 3,000 feet on to the Strelepass Inn, where you can get a meal or a bunk (with linen, fifty cents extra). If you have a stomach full of cream of wheat you can go further by foot to Schiahorn Mountain, which is 8,200 feet above where a sensible man ought to be. Every August 1, Swiss National Day, some of the town hardies carry wood and gasoline up the Schiahorn and light a pyre twenty feet high. It's an old Swiss custom commemorating the thirteenth-century custom employed by the three existing Swiss districts to announce a meeting. In Davos any August 1 you can see some thirty fires burning on the crests of the surrounding Alps.

There is a pleasant little *golfplatz* in town, its nine holes winding around a mountain and over the trees. It was originally laid out in 1894 by Conan Doyle, who took a shine to Davos and did some of his writing there. John Addington Symonds lived in the town for some twenty-six years and wrote about it in "Our Life in the Swiss Highlands," published in 1891. Robert Louis Stevenson spent two winters in Davos and described it in "Essays in Travel." Just about everyone has liked the resort with the exception possibly of the Nazi consul who occupied a residence across the street from the Palace when the interned American fliers were billeted there. The Yanks got a little weary of having the swastika flag wave in their faces every day, and one quiet Sunday three of them stole it. The German consul exploded and insisted that the Swiss get the flag back and punish the perpetrators. The Swiss military administration under a Captain Kramer ordered that the flag be returned at 9:00 A.M. Monday morning. Ten o'clock came and went and there was neither a sign of the flag nor of the guilty parties. The Swiss searched the Palace and soon found both the flag and the airmen. The three men were taken out of Davos, but en route all three escaped. About a month later one of the flag stealers sent Captain Kramer a cable. It was datelined "New York" and thanked the captain for his unfailing hospitality. —HORACE SUTTON.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 862

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

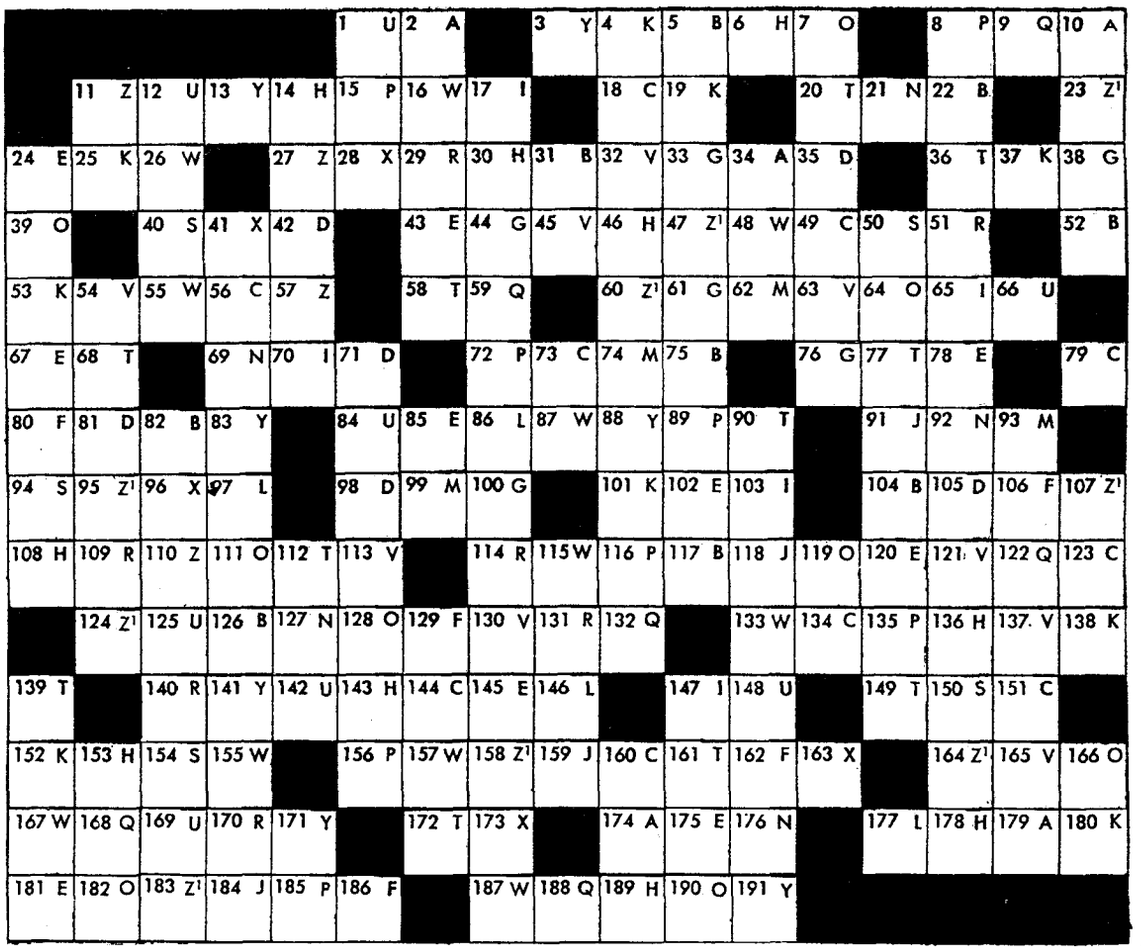
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Juniper of the Old Testament, found in Syrian and Arabian deserts.	10 2 174 34 179
B. Highest peak of Green Mountains, Vt.	75 104 22 82 117 5 31 126 52
C. First name, American explorer sent by Pres. Jefferson to explore lands of Louisiana Purchase, 1804-06.	79 134 73 49 18 144 123 160 56 151
D. Purification by washing the hands before prayer, a Mohammedan rite.	98 105 81 42 35 71
E. National monument in Arizona to preserve curious natural rock formation.	43 175 120 78 67 181 24 85 102 145
F. Metrical or rhythmical beat in utterance (prosody).	80 186 129 162 106
G. A Negro sorcerer.	33 61 44 100 76 38
H. Compensations; fees.	178 14 153 108 189 46 136 6 143 30
I. City in France containing the abbey where Joan of Arc was sentenced to death.	103 147 70 17 65
J. A leader in current history whose real name is Josip Broz.	184 118 159 91
K. Highest construction job of its kind in the U.S. (2 wds.; completed 1936).	4 180 101 25 19 37 138 53 152
L. American woman founder of a current church (1821-1910).	86 146 177 97
M. Treasure; darling (Anglo-Irish).	93 74 62 99

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. In France, a lawyer or solicitor practising in civil causes (French).	21 127 69 92 176
O. Unbranded animals, esp. motherless calves.	39 128 166 111 182 64 119 7 190
P. Exclamation imitative of sound of a bullet (comp.).	15 185 156 8 135 89 116 72
Q. Roman statesman and soldier, defeated by Octavius at Actium, 31 B.C.	188 132 168 9 122 59
R. Engaging in disorderly behavior or uproar.	29 140 131 51 170 109 114
S. City in France where Charles Martel checked the Saracen invasion.	40 94 150 154 50
T. National monument in Nebraska to preserve landmark on old Oregon Trail (2 wds.).	90 20 149 172 68 139 58 112 77 36 161
U. Members of the bird genus *Bombycilla*, two species of which are well known in the U.S.	84 125 12 1 169 148 66 142
V. Notably.	165 45 130 54 121 137 63 32 113
W. A dam in Columbia River, Washington (2 wds.).	55 87 157 48 133 187 167 115 16 155 26
X. Shell currency of abalones formerly used by Californian Indians.	28 41 96 163 173
Y. One of the Dionne Quints.	13 171 141 88 3 83 191
Z. A fixed course or routine.	57 27 110 11
Z¹. Extinct reptiles of nearly worldwide distribution.	164 158 95 107 23 183 47 60 124

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 18 of this issue.

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SRL / RECORDINGS SECTION

IMPRESSIONS

A TYPICAL specimen of confusion in American recording enterprise is conveyed by the information that both RCA Victor and Columbia will offer the public lengthy versions of Johann Strauss's "Fledermaus" during the forthcoming winter. The initiative has been provided by a plan for its presentation in a reasonably gala version as a feature of Rudolf Bing's first season as director. As the company with a contract with the Metropolitan, Columbia would nominally have a clear field in such an enterprise; but RCA is exercising its freedom of initiative in pursuing its own plans, nevertheless.

There emerges the evident fact that the total merits of the Metropolitan project will be split between the two companies, that neither will have a lion's share of the quality available, that nobody stands to gain, that the Metropolitan and the record-buying public will both lose. Concretely, the RCA version will require expensive rehearsals under the direction of Fritz Reiner, and the text prepared by Howard Dietz will not be available to its cast of Risë Stevens, Patrice Munsel, Jan Peerce, Robert Merrill, etc. On the other hand, Columbia will have the text, also Dorothy Kirsten and Richard Tucker in key roles, but it will not have Reiner as conductor, nor the artists of the Metropolitan production controlled by RCA.

Considering the special status of the Metropolitan as a poor relation—financially—of these powerful corporations, it would be a mere charitable gesture for them to bury the rivalries that exist in other areas, to pool their energies to produce, out of the Metropolitan resources, the best opera recording possible in a given year. If face need be saved it could be accomplished by rotating rights from one year to the next—or, perhaps, even permitting the interested companies access to the same material, cutting across company lines.

This may be a visionary approach, but it is not, really, if one takes into account that London is busy at work with its own "Fledermaus" in German, with Krips directing, and Hilda Gueden, Lipp, Patzak, Paul Schoeffler, Elisabeth Hoengen, and Karl Schmitt-Walter among the performers. When that appears many people will be asking themselves: Is the Metropolitan standard so far short of the Viennese? To which the answer must be: When its resources are divided by half, how can it be otherwise?

IRVING KOLODIN,
MUSIC EDITOR.

OCTOBER 1950

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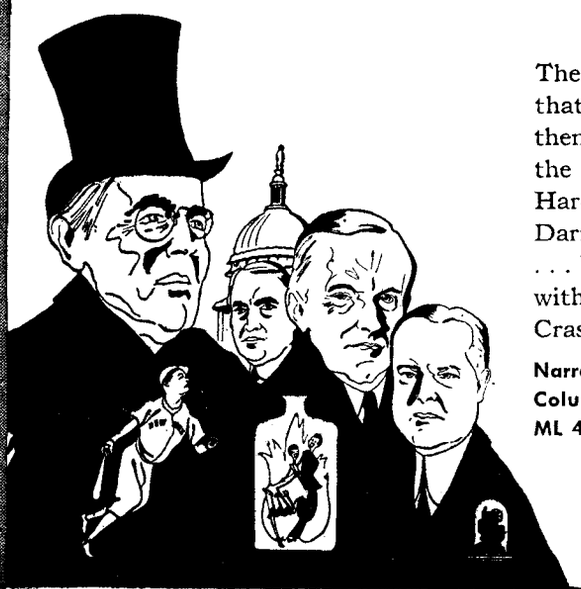

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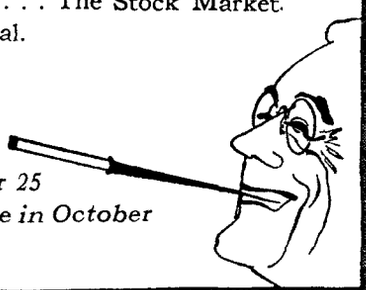

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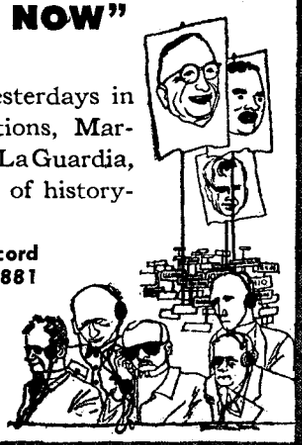

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Life with "Madam"

IRVING KOLODIN

IF YOU want to go back far enough "Call Me Madam" began in 1934 with "Anything Goes," a better than passable musical show written by Russell Crouse, Howard Lindsay, and Cole Porter in which Ethel Merman shared starring honors with William Gaxton and Victor Moore. It developed a little in another enterprise called "Red, Hot, and Blue" of 1936, with the same collaborators, minus Gaxton and Moore, but plus Jimmy Durante and a young comedian named Bob Hope.

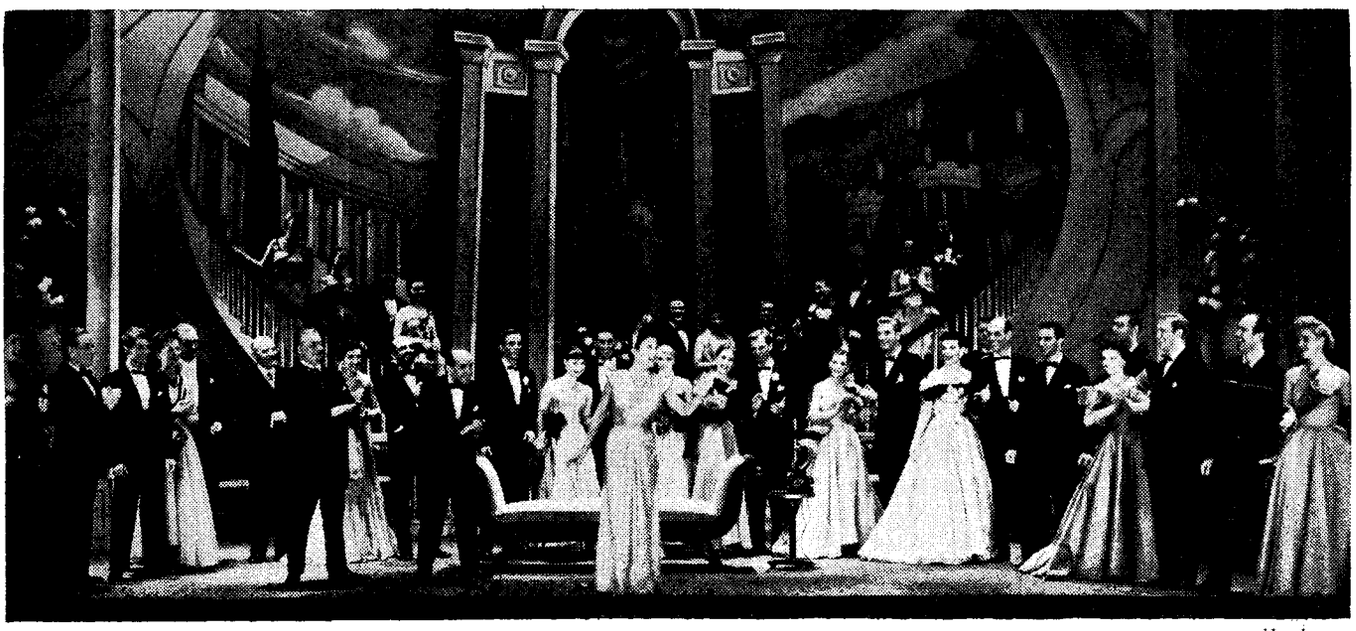
There followed a longish interval—about fifteen years—in which Merman added to her repute with such endeavors as "Du Barry was a Lady," "Panama Hattie," and a thing called "Annie Get Your Gun." Meanwhile, Lindsay and Crouse amused themselves with some researches into the early years of this century in New York, as expressed through a broker named Clarence Day. Later, they showed a turn for political thinking in "The State of the Union."

Merman, Lindsay, and Crouse were all "between shows" in the summer of 1949, with the first two on one side of the continent and the third on the other, but they were barely an idea apart. Lindsay was vacationing at a resort hotel in Colorado that summer, and so, providentially, was Merman. Out of his window one day, Lindsay saw Merman in the garden below—vivacious, charming, and gusty, he thought, also indescribably American. "Put her in a show," something inside of him said. "Make her the most American American you can think of." Shows aren't born that easily, however.

The voice inside of him was worth listening to, but it was only talking talk. It didn't begin to talk an idea until sober (or perhaps, not so sober) reflection connected Merman with the current dispatch of certain prominent American ladies to European countries, as ministers plenipotentiary, or ambassadatrix, or whatever the preferred terminology was. There had been others—such as Ruth Bryan Owen, whom President Roosevelt had sent to Norway—but something about these was different. Something about them, too, was something like Merman. By the chemistry that produces the birds, the bees, and million-dollar playwrights, Lindsay, Crouse, and Merman were no longer an idea apart.

Merman as a lady ambassador to a staid, convention-ridden European court was as much a natural as rubber on the end of a pencil. Somebody had to think of the one, as somebody had to think of the other. It happened that Lindsay thought of it first. Crouse, in Anasquam, Mass.—where he, too, had retired for a vacation when a long-cherished plan for a collaboration with Lindsay had bogged down in complications when tried on paper—heard of it next. Suddenly the bog became a carpet, with a most inviting springboard at the end.

Merman, when approached, was sympathetic but not enchanted. "No more musicals," she said with finality. "I want a good solid dramatic role." Undiscouraged, Lindsay and Crouse retired to elaborate their idea. When the skeleton had a little flesh on it, they put it before her again. "Well," she said, "maybe two or three songs."



—*Vandamm.*

"Call Me Madam"—"by the chemistry that produces the birds, the bees, and million-dollar playwrights."

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They thanked her and left. When next they returned, it was with a fairly complete book and some key songs by Irving Berlin. He had been their first and only choice for composer, and he fortunately saw in it as much as Lindsay and Crouse did.

"TWO or three songs" became a whole score, in which, as of the pre-Broadway phase, Merman sings no less than nine. So much for indomitable resolution. Merman had made a good try, but who was she to stand up against the combined powers of Lindsay and Crouse and Irving Berlin?

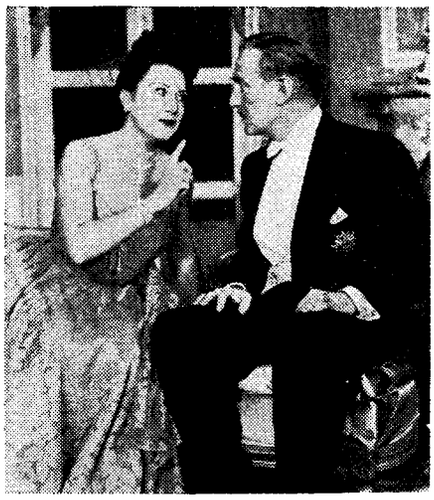
There were a few others who were equally taken by the prospect, when a mere mention of it appeared in the press. One mysterious agent appeared out of a Long Island village, by letter to Crouse, suggesting an anonymous Croesus who wanted to back the whole thing. Crouse turned him over to his business manager, Leland Heyward, with some misgivings about a bootlegger's caché, pre-Lindbergh Law goldbacks, and other unusable loot. The agent wouldn't give his client's name, and nothing was heard from him further. A celebrated showman, of powerful resources if diminutive size, offered $50,000 in backing without seeing a joke or hearing a song.

One day Berlin announced that Manie Sacks, recently appointed head of RCA Victor's popular department, thought he could get all the money, if Lindsay, Crouse, *et al* would be interested. Weighing one thing with another they were, especially when the capital investment of $225,000 left them and their associates with a 65 percent interest in the profits. All concerned made concessions in their royalties, so that the show should pay off the investment within a year. "It's good for the theatre," reasoned Lindsay and Crouse, "to show that money invested in the theatre can be recovered in a reasonable time."

The assumptions that followed the announcement of the deal were numerous, and generally incorrect. NBC had secured the television rights, it was said. Tosh, replied Lindsay and Crouse. When a bid of $500,000 has been made for a single TV showing of "South Pacific," we should sell our right in "Call Me Madam" for a mere $225,000 underwriting? NBC has the option, only, of meeting the best TV offer from other sources.

The wise voices added: RCA Victor has locked up the rights to the "original cast" recording. "Not so," reply Lindsay and Crouse. They may get it, but it will be for other reasons.

Those reasons, if and when, will be a tribute to an odd quirk in Berlin's make-up. Long before the NBC-RCA participation in the financing, Berlin



—*Vandamm.*

Ethel Merman and Paul Lukas—"'No more musicals,' she said."

had put RCA Victor at the head of the list for the "Call Me Madam" rights—other things being equal—for a singular reason. He felt he *owed* them a score.

Decca had "Annie Get Your Gun." Columbia had "Miss Liberty." MGM had "Easter Parade," as producers of the film. In the background, recently, of other Berlin enterprise were "Blue Skies" and "Holiday Inn," of which RCA Victor had neither. RCA Victor now has "Call Me Madam" for an album with Perry Como and Mindy Carson. Whether it also has it for a full-dress treatment of the score with the original cast remains uncertain, as of mid-September. Merman, after all, has a heart—which belongs not to Daddy but to Decca. If some way can be arranged for Decca to share Merman with RCA Victor without permitting sentiment to overcome obligation to stockholders, that happy end may be accomplished. We will keep our fingers crossed, and—if it will help—cross our legs, too, as Miss Merman does at certain strategic moments in "Call Me Madam."

Oddly enough, as the climax to this recitation of monetary matters, "Call Me Madam" has a good deal to do with money. Specifically, it has a good deal to do with the lavish disbursement of American money in European countries that cannot even enjoy their prime natural products—in the mythical Lichtenberg of "Call Me Madam" it is cheese—because those products are exported to dollar areas. At appropriate moments, the book raises the point whether there isn't something a little more potent that *we* can export than the mere folding stuff. If a revolutionary thesis for a musical, it is hardly a revolting one.

In choosing to blend the lavishly generous American ambassadatrix with this quizzical consideration of our new kind of dollar diplomacy, Lindsay and Crouse have done a service to the musical theatre in remembering such proud antecedents as the Kaufman-Ryskind "Of Thee I Sing" and its less celebrated successor, "Let 'Em Eat Cake," to say nothing of such a politically minded by-product as the Rodgers-Hart "I'd Rather Be Right." Next to laughing at others, Americans love nothing so much as laughing at themselves. Sometimes, indeed, it is a close thing whether they don't prefer to laugh at themselves—in sufficiently impersonal disguises.

Without considering particulars, it may also be recalled that Irving Berlin's capacity for dealing with such topical and typical matters of the American stage was established as far back as a brilliant revue called "As Thousands Cheer," in which much delightful observation on folkways was embodied—in a framework evolved by Moss Hart—within a newspaper format. Real old folks can also remember that Depression-born collaboration with Hart titled "Face the Music," with its sly gibes at "little tin boxes" and a delightful invitation to excess called "Let's Have Another Cup of Coffee, Let's Have Another Piece of Pie." So this is no new colt being broken to the satirical plow, rather an old, experienced war horse turning over new furrows in a familiar field.

BOOKWISE, the mere idea of Merman as a lady ambassador with a flair for giving parties has impelled a conviction that she's all this, and Mesta too. But what *is* Mesta? No more than a rich, wealthy, affluent administration supporter, fond of parties, who was appointed our representative to Luxembourg. If, in addition, she can sing such a song as "The Hostest with the Mostest on the Ball," or fascinate such a foreign minister as Paul Lukas plays, or remind you of a female Groucho Marx, while being the "most American American you know," then you can say that Mme. Mesta is the nearest thing to Ethel Merman outside of Equity.

The writers have a "State of the Union" approach to this venture, and intend to keep "Call Me Madam" current, night after night, by little changes of dialogue, or the spotting of side allusions to matters of moment in the news. Who knows, they may even finally achieve an objective mentioned by Crouse when a moot point brought the suggestion that it could be better answered by Herman Bernstein, their business representative in New York. "You can find it in the phone book," he said. "It's a Luxembourg number. Before long we hope they change it to Lichtenberg."

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PETER KIHSS

THE UNITED Nations is voices. Voices from America and Asia, Europe and Africa, and down under. Voices of its delegates and interpreters. Voices of the voters and those people still with no governments of their own. Voices of tradition and of protest. Voices of the centuries—and of tomorrow.

There are 40,000 recordings and transcriptions, hundreds of thousands of feet of magnetic tape recordings, in the files of the U. N. Department of Public Information. Out of them all, a forty-five minute vinylite record album has been created by a new firm—Tribune Productions, 40 East 49 Street, New York, no kin to any newspaper of the same name. It is a five-year history of the U. N. through its voices, from San Francisco's glowing charter days to the grim military sanctions in Korea.

Here are the voices: The polished resonance that was Franklin D. Roosevelt's in an opening and closing vow of four freedoms. The plain Missourian of Harry Truman, telling of a place where nations were to work together. The unexpected and probably unique effort in heavy-accented English by Andrei Vishinsky back in the London Assembly in January, 1946, wishing the "noble" unanimous atomic control resolution would be "a true and complete success." The strong basso (some thought it sexy) of Andrei A. Gromyko. The most impressive speech yet made for the United States, Bernard Baruch's atomic presentation.

And Auriol and Molotov, Stettinius, Eden, Soong, Bidault, Zuleta, Attlee, Makin, Mudaliar, Byrnes, Pearson, Einstein, Acheson, Juliana, Jamal El Husseini, Weizmann, Sharett, Boyd Orr, La Guardia, Masaryk, Nehru, Berendsen, Marshall, Mackenzie King, Evatt, Mrs. Roosevelt, Romulo, Lie, and others. The good lines. The hard statistics.

Beyond the big names there is the short-wave message from Geneva—the dramatic World Health Organization bulletin of cholera in the Nile Valley, so many cases in this Egyptian district, so many in another. One of U. N.'s great victories—the rallying of aid around the world, the proud claim to have stopped disease in its tracks in thirty days, saving 90,000 lives.

There is the bell-ringing in Amsterdam, tolling independence anthems for Indonesia. There is the section that opens with the drumming and the chanting in the Cameroons of West Africa and then the chorus that seems almost the voice of the sea, the song of the Pacific islanders of Western Samoa. And then the assured voice in French and English of an African petitioner speaking to the Trusteeship Council, the Ewe tribesmen's Sylvanus Olympio. And the story, through Dr. Ralph Bunche, of the U. N.'s trusteeship and colonial efforts to bring freedom to peoples in peace.

"This Is the U. N.: Its Actual Voices" has been woven by a journalist and radio writer, Saul Carson, and a teacher and Office of War Information radio interviewer, Miss Eleanor Gardiner, as writer-producers. The directors are two skilled radio veterans, Robert Lewis Shayon, who did Columbia Broadcasting System's "You Are There," and Canada's Mavor Moore. And the work was wrought with U. N.'s aid, Gerald Kean, supervisor for the radio division, and Walter B. Harris, supervisor for the education section.

So it has professional finesse. Execution is good. Pace sometimes drags, but overall the effect is made. But there is also something of a political gloss. U. N.'s aims and its structure are there. The main U. N. problems are touched on. Two major East-West divergences on atomic control—timing and the scope of inspection—are noted. But the troubles are fairly lightly slipped over, save for the last side, which states the U.S.S.R. claim that the U. N.'s military moves in Korea were illegal because of nonparticipation of either the Soviet Union or China's Reds. U. N.'s limitations—its Security Council veto, its dependence on powers of recommendation—are ignored and left to a planned discussion manual still being worked out.

Nevertheless, the album should well serve its major aim—an educational aid, designed chiefly for schools and libraries and community discussion groups. It sets the U. N. atmosphere. The listener is at U. N. He should be stimulated to find out more.

Each of the ten sections—ten 78-rpm standard sides or two 33-1/3 rpm long-playing sides—is conceived as an entity in itself. There is first the charter story, the aspiration; then the opening of the various parts; then atomic energy; then the Security Council's problems, mainly Indonesia; then new members, with the birth of Israel; then the work for better living, the agencies, dependent peoples, human rights; and so on to Korea and Trygve Lie's sound headquarters' dedicatory warning that the U. N. is still an unfinished story.

A narration smoothly delivered by actor Franchot Tone ties the excerpts together. The twelve-inch 78-rpm album will sell at $13.90, and the long-playing album at $11.75. They will be available for the present only through Tribune Productions, on the premise that the price represents a discount for educational purposes which makes it unfeasible to discount any more for regular trade outlets.

Peter Kihss is U.N. correspondent of the New York Herald Tribune *at Lake Success.*

Audio Fair

OCTOBER 26 will bring the second annual Audio Fair to the Hotel New Yorker in New York City and the year's most concentrated display of new developments in sound recording and reproduction. According to Harry Reizes, who is managing the event for the Audio Engineering Society, the number of exhibits promises to exceed considerably the substantial quantity seen at the inaugural venture last year. Readers in the Eastern seaboard area are advised that the fair will open on Thursday, October 26, with a full program of reports, papers, etc., to be presented on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday.

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Ten by Muzio

ROSSINI AND OTHERS: *Ten arias ("William Tell," "Mefistofele," "Trovatore," "Tosca," "Pagliacci," "Madama Butterfly," "Ernani," "Bianca e Fernando," and "Mme. Sans-Gêne"). Claudia Muzio.* (Esoteric LP 502, $5.95.)

THANKS to Esoteric LP 502 I have been revelling in calling back yesterday — 1918, to be exact—and bidding the vibrant voice of twenty-six-year-old Claudia Muzio return. Through what alchemy ten acoustic cylinders have been so resonantly reproduced on this LP I know not, but whatever the means the "electrical re-creation" is superbly accomplished, quite belying the venerable vintage of the originals. Is this the Muzio that we so admire in the renowned later electricals? Yes and no. One catches the same distinctive timbre and much of the same instinctive musicianship, but the finesse, the imagination are still to come.

A striking demonstration of artistic growth can be had by following the 1918 "Vissi d'arte" captured here with the same aria recorded by Muzio at least fifteen years later on Columbia 4140. Good lusty Italian singing informs the first, which as a sweeping display of opulence properly dazzles. But to the enduring vocal security in the second are added a unique style, a powerful sense of dramatic pacing, and a sensitivity to hidden beauties in the phrase, all unrealized by the junior prima donna. Setting aside these comparisons of latent talent with matured mastery, the young Muzio cuts a remarkably impressive figure. Particularly rewarding are the two long selections from "Pagliacci" (the "Ballatella" and duet with Silvio), where the ringing verve of youth counts as a decided asset, and the aria from Bellini's forgotten "Bianca e Fernando."

One can hope that Esoteric's Muzio LP's (this is the second) will break ground for similar efforts in other directions, and perhaps from other quarters. A mine of vocal treasure awaits rehabilitation on LP. This enthusiast will make an immediate down payment to the firm that promises to revive some of the pre-electric waxings of Lotte Lehmann and Richard Tauber. There would be richness! —R. G.

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Modern Immortals

NICOLAS SLONIMSKY

"TO BE recognized only after death. . . ." These are the opening words of Schönberg's letter addressed to those who greeted him on his seventy-fifth birthday in September 1949. In the same letter he recalls his prediction made in 1912: "The second half of this century will spoil, by overestimation, all the good of me that the first half, by underestimation, has left intact." When Schönberg was asked long ago whether he was really "that composer," he replied: "Someone had to be Schönberg, but nobody wanted to be; so I had to volunteer."

Schönberg has now less reason for such bitterness: he is beginning to be appreciated by many, as well as worshipped by a few. The second half of the century is sure to make up for the neglect and the rebukes he suffered in the first.

Bartók was not so fortunate. He did not live to witness the universal acceptance of his music. His grave was still unmarked when his name became a household word, and when the frequency of performance of his music made him one of the most popular composers of today.

The appearance, almost simultaneous, of long playing recordings of all six string quartets of Bartók and the four Schönberg quartets* is symbolic of the acceptance by the people of these two masters of contemporary music. The cliché of "being born before one's time" here comes true. In the light of repeated history the cliché may be simply the formulation of the obvious truth that men of genius, whether in music or in science, anticipate the development of future tastes and future concepts. In the case of Bartók the acceptance has already come 100 per cent; in the case of Schönberg the opposition still lingers, but the intransigeance of his antagonists becomes less effective with each passing year while the army of his ardent supporters grows by leaps and bounds. The most remarkable development in Schönberg's influence is the emergence of a powerful school of Schönbergians in the Latin countries, notably France and Italy, which have for many years been impervious to the penetration of abstract musical ideas, particularly those originating from Central Europe. Add to this the fact that the French Ecole Dodécaphonique and the Italian Musica Dodecafonica were cultivated during the war and German occupation, when such music was *verboten*, and we can gauge the measure of the potency of Schönberg's method of composition. Russia is today the only country where twelve-tone music is taboo, but its attraction was admitted by several Russian composers who were called upon to "atone for atonality." One of them, Gabriel Popov, was sternly reminded of the fact that he had admitted his admiration for Schönberg by dedicating to him his first opus. If the Schönbergian sin is worth official censure, it must be a delectable sin.

But to return to the quartets. Listening to the first Schönberg quartet and to the first of Bartók one is struck by the generic similarity of their idiom. The Viennese line, from Mozart, Beethoven, and Brahms, is clearly traceable in Schönberg's melodic and rhythmic inflections, and there are superimposed Wagnerian and Straussian strains. There is more of the Beethoven of the last quartets in Bartók's first quartet than of Wagnerian procedures. In both the Schönberg and the Bartók there is that anguished chromatic lyricism that is the common trait of early twentieth-century music. The two quartets were written about the same time; both are, by coincidence, marked Opus 7. The modern musical resources in both the Schönberg and the Bartók first quartets are exemplified by the introduction of the whole-tone scale; but this element remains an extraneous one, not integrated into the texture. The building of climaxes by tenacious reiteration of thematic fragments is characteristic of early Schönberg as well as of early Bartók.

The creative methods of Bartók and Schönberg diverged after these early works. Bartók intensified the rhythmic elements of his music, emphasizing the asymmetrical patterns, and coming closer to the folk songs of his native Transylvania, where Hungarian, Slavic, and gypsy influences create an intricate melodic and rhythmic mixture. Schönberg, on the contrary, attenuated the tonal ingredients until tonality was dropped altogether and the key-signature disappeared. Schönberg was interested in developing a new musical language suitable to express infinitesimally varied moods, and eventually formulated his "method of composing with twelve tones" (not the twelve-tone system, a term commonly used, but repeatedly rejected by Schönberg). Bartók, on the other hand, freely applied numerous techniques (including occasional series of twelve different tones) with the purpose of extending his musical vocabulary. If Bartók is the poet of subjective folk consciousness, Schönberg is a philosopher and a logician as well as a psychologist of music. Bartók goes into the world outside for his inspiration; Schönberg seeks clarification of his musical philosophy within himself.

—*Boosey & Hawkes.*

Bela Bartók—"the frankness of a village fiddler."

BOTH Bartók and Schönberg achieve unity in variety. From his first quartet to his sixth Bartók progresses towards monothematism, with the main theme of an earthy folklike nature; Schönberg has found his unity in establishing the basic twelve-tone series that underlies an entire composition. The four Schönberg quartets and the six of Bartók are musical biographies of their creators. Following the gradual formation of their idioms one wonders how the accusation of "cerebral" composition could ever be leveled at either of these great men of music. One feels rather that here are souls in anguish; the discomfort that the musical language of Schönberg causes the untutored ear comes from this suffering in public; or, in Bartók, from the boisterous joy in his more rustic moods, which has the frankness and even the vulgarity of a village fiddler.

Bartók's first quartet was written in 1907, when he was twenty-six years old. His second followed ten years later. Both quartets are in A minor; the indication of key is dropped in later quartets, though tonality is never completely abandoned. There is an atmosphere of bitter cheerfulness in the second quartet of Bartók; the in-

*BARTÓK: *Quartets Nos. 1-6. Juilliard Quartet.* (Columbia LP's 4278/80, $14.55.)
SCHONBERG: Quartets Nos. 1-4. Kolisch Quartet. (Alco LP's 1002/5, $19.40.)

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sistently repeated rhythmic phrases have an almost animal quality: "and the cock crew." Strident chromatics in acrid harmonies enhance the impression of musical anxiety; but the folklike melodies bring appeasement The third quartet of Bartók is dramatically conceived, and its lyricism is strained and harsh. The Bartókian whooping-cough eruptions are here at its spasmodic high. The instrumental effects include snapping pizzicatos, and there are glissandos that suggest choleric outbursts of temper.

Bartók wrote his third quartet in 1927; his fourth followed in 1928. It is naturally related in style to its immediate neighbor. There are the now familiar glissandos, the rhythmic stamping, the canonic build-up for climaxes. But there is a human quality in the long singing melody in solo passages. The outcries of anguish interrupt the more peaceful moods. Then there is a barbaric dance, with savage snapping of the strings, rebounding from the fingerboard.

Bartók's fifth and sixth quartets are dated 1934 and 1939. In both of these the general tone is milder than in the earlier works. An unexpectedly idyllic movement in the fifth quartet takes us back to "Lohengrin"; and there is a brief interlude of an organ-grinder's tune. Of interest from the structural standpoint are the bitonal scales that Bartók applies consistently in the fifth quartet, as he does in several other works of the period. But it is in the sixth quartet that Bartók appears in a resigned mood. The unity of plan is achieved simply through prefacing each movement with a melodic theme, unaccompanied and in various contrapuntal combinations. Scale passages milling around and gypsylike dancing tunes are present here, too.

The progress of Schönberg's string-quartet writing reflects a gradual realization of the unifying method of twelve-tone composition. The first and the second quartets are well in the tonal tradition; there are also some private jokes—the waltz rhythms with a wink at Johann Strauss in the first quartet; the sudden intrusion of "Ach, du lieber Augustin," in the second. In the second quartet there is an innovation: a contralto solo that sings dolorous verses in the third and fourth movements.

Schönberg's third quartet was written in 1927, when the principles of twelve-tone music were firmly established. In this dodecaphonic sense, the third quartet is monothematic, for the generating motto is the basic twelve-tone series. But the application of the principle is free, so that the uninitiated cannot hope to be able to murmur contentedly while listening to the music: "Here comes the inverted crab of twelve-tone series!" To nondodecaphonic ears the quartet will sound atonal, devoid of familiar key.

Schönberg wrote his fourth quartet in America in 1936. It uses the technique of twelve tones more strictly than in the third quartet but not as patently as to recount its procedures in a fairy-tale fashion. But, Schönberg will always say, there is no need to know a thing about the procedures. If the lyricism—and the anxiety—of the music find their way to the heart, his purpose will be achieved without an intellectual appeal to the analyst.

The recordings of the Schönberg quartets were made in 1937 by the Kolisch String Quartet and are now issued for the first time on long playing records. One cannot expect these recordings to be as good as those made today, and acoustical and mechanical defects are inevitable. As to the Bartók quartets, they were done by the Juilliard String Quartet that made music history last year by presenting the entire cycle on a national tour. They were recorded by Columbia with a perfection vouchsafed by the revolutionary microgroove technique.

Nicolas Slonimsky, composer and writer, is author of "Music Since 1900," "Music of Latin America," and a forthcoming volume on Roy Harris.

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Two "Idomeneos" and a "Seraglio"

MOZART: *"Idomeneo." Meinhard von Zallinger conducting the Vienna Symphony Orchestra, with Gertrud Hopf, soprano, Gertrud Grob-Prandl, soprano, Horst Taubmann, tenor, Herbert Handt, tenor, and Greta Menzel, soprano.* (Haydn Society LP set 2020, $23.80.)

MOZART: *"Idomeneo." Hans Altmann conducting the Bavarian Radio Orchestra with Franz Klarwein, tenor, Gottfried Riedner, tenor, Maud Cunits, soprano, and Marianne Schech, soprano.* (Mercury LP set 5, $9.70.)

MOZART: *"Die Entführung aus dem Serail." Josef Krips conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra with Wilma Lipp, soprano, Emmy Loose, soprano, Walther Ludwig, tenor, Peter Klein, tenor, and Endre Koreh, bass.* (London LP set A3, $17.85.)

FORTUNATELY for the sanity, and poise, of reviewers and consumers equally, the two "Idomeneo" issues have enough clear-cut difference to permit a characterization based on other considerations than mere interpretation. We will by-pass without further comment the rare fortune that permits the enjoyment, in either form, of some of Mozart's greatest and least known music; for it must be obvious to all that comprehension of this composer's greatness has received no such stimulus since the issue of the Beecham "Zauberflöte." We count it as equally good fortune that these two parallel, if hardly competitive issues, have appeared simultaneously so all problems of choice may be considered at once and—we suspect—resolved for a long time to come.

As befits its scholarly pretensions, the Haydn Society has done "Idomeneo" in the only way befitting a maiden enterprise. That is, it has begun with the well-known and greatly beloved overture, painstakingly covered all the uncharted territory which follows—with an oasis of familiarity in the unspeakably beautiful "Zeffriti lusinghieri"—and made a final side trip to include the charming ballet music on the final side of the four LP's. In so doing it has erected an enduring monument both to its aspirations and its capacity for fulfilling them.

In a more commercial spirit—if any investment in Mozart's "Idomeneo" can be called "commercial"—Mercury has chosen the much shorter cut of a version made by Wolf-Ferrari for production in Munich in 1931. It is in German rather than the more appropriate Italian of the Haydn Society venture, and it presents a Mozart truncated, sliced, spliced, elided, and otherwise "improved" by the theatrical sense of Wolf-Ferrari. This version is restricted to two LP's against the four required by the authentic score. An elaborate apologia in the Mercury issue tells us that "purists" are likely to object to this editing; even those who are not purists, who will concede that Mozart overreached himself in this enterprise and agree that the last third of the score is heavy going, cannot possibly agree that the way to improve it is to leave out half the music Mozart wrote. An eighth, a quarter, possibly five-sixteenths—but not half.

For in shortening it by half Wolf-Ferrari has disturbed all the proportions of the original, taken it out of the frame of *opera seria* as practised by Gluck and worshipfully imitated by Mozart, and put it in a new one of some kind of silly music-drama which makes little esthetic sense and, as far as this recording can suggest, little theatrical persuasion either.

Editing "Idomeneo" has been fair game for half a century and more: the Peters edition (supervised by Gustav Kögel), with which I tried to follow the two versions, has its share of blame to bear, too. Virtually all the recitative is omitted, the peculiar style of harmonic color—with a considerable reliance on passing tones and anticipations—is "corrected" to have no unconventional nonsense, and less individuality.

However, when you have listened to the authentic "Idomeneo" three or four times, you are inclined to thank the stars that shine on Boston for the good fortune that prevented the initial impression of this great and noble work being conveyed by Wolf-Ferrari's workaday adaptation. Perhaps the latter might have some function, à la Stokowski's "Boris" synthesis or his "Tristan" montage, when a general knowledge of this score is as widespread as those are. But for all pioneering purposes the version conducted by Von Zallinger is as compelling a requirement for any Mozart library as the Busch "Figaro" or the Beecham "Zauberflöte."

SCHOLARSHIP aside, it is—in conception and execution—the finest full-length operatic issue of the post-war period (the Beecham "Elektra" was not full-length). Von Zallinger (may his tribe increase) is unknown to me, but he is a musician of great capacity and a conductor of admirable resource. Whether by accident or effort, the associated singers complement each other remarkably, with Gertrud Hopf a splendid soprano in the key part of Ilia, Greta Menzel a capable one in the male role of Idamantes (Wolf-Ferrari rewrites this castrati part for tenor), and Gertrud Grob-Prandl an Elettra of solid ability save in the overwhelming air of Act III. The men are also satisfactory, particularly Herbert Handt as Arbaces. Superior to any individual merits,

—Hans Dietrich, Vienna.

Josef Krips (left) with the cast of London's "Die Entführung"—"a thrilling climax not without perilous moments."

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however, is the superb integration of all elements—soloists, chorus, and orchestra—in an experience quite on the Glyndebourne level. Finally, the recording is a triumph of balance and well-regulated sonority.

Several of the individuals in the Wolf-Ferrari abridgement are comparable with these, especially Franz Klarwein (the Florestan of the recent "Fidelio") as Idomeneo, Gottfried Riedner as his son Idamantes, and Heinz Maria Lins as Arbaces (here a baritone, in the Haydn Society a tenor). However, the direction of Hans Altmann is strenuous, without the repose and breadth of Von Zallinger, and the workmanship throughout—microphone placement, balance, integration of chorus and solo personnel—is several levels below the Haydn Society's. The clear fact emerges that the longer, more expensive set is also the better performed and recorded, leaving no room for reservation in any direction.

THE London "Entführung" is encumbered by some considerations not invoked by the efforts of the Haydn Society or Mercury—that is, a quality standard established by a run of remarkably fine records probably unexcelled, for sustained quality, in phonographic history. This "Entführung" shows, acutely, that there are problems of balance, of projection, of organization in recording a complete opera that are different from those conquered by London in its instrumental, orchestral, and chamber-music issues. By ordinary standards this is generally acceptable work, with some fine moments near the end; by London's standard it is deficient except for the final two sides.

A splendid playing of the overture rouses hopes for a zestful treatment of the work as a whole, which conductor Josef Krips only matches from Osmin's "O! wie will ich triumphierin" in Act III on to the end. Previously the blemishes were both mechanical and musical. The balance of voices and orchestra is clearly weighted in favor of the former, with the individual singers lacking in the assurance this difficult music demands. Generally speaking, the men are better than the women: Endre Koreh has a voluminous bass voice and an authoritative manner as Osmin, and Peter Klein (of the Metropolitan) is beyond criticism as Pedrillo. Walther Ludwig's voice is a little heavy for Belmonte, and his resort to falsetto in the top register does not charm the ear. Wilma Lipp, as Constanze, has a fine voice but she is still feeling her way, and Emmy Loose, the Blonda, has remarkable facility but not enough discipline. What results is a performance that comes to a thrilling climax in the final duet of Belmonte and Constanze, but not without its perilous moments previously.

As a phonographic experience this "Entführung" is, of course, unique, if not wholly satisfying. The recitative has been pared to the minimum amount to carry the story, which is well; but I do not hear in Krips's pacing of the music the fantasy and spirit to create a dramatic illusion. Somehow I have the feeling that if it were not so expensive a venture more would have been done to raise the level throughout to the quality expected of London. Certainly those in command show a sensitive response to the shortcomings of Acts I and II with the brighter sound and better balance of Act III, but that doesn't make for a truly successful entity. The fine ensemble of soloists and orchestra here would have been welcome sooner.

Whether another "Entführung" hovers in the discernible future of the phonograph I have no idea—beyond the expressed desire of Beecham in such a project. With all regard for the enterprise of London, it is clear that there are three, four, or five respects in which this product could be excelled. The reader will have to match his immediate, and understandable, interest in possessing the enchantment of this work against the uncertain possibility of a superior version soon or never. It could be done; but will it?

—THE EDITOR.

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Soloists: Master Werner Pech (Boy Soprano)
Master Hans Breitschopf (Boy Alto)
Walther Ludwig (Tenor) & Harald Proglhof (Bass)
LPS-230/1 — $9.90

ALSO SPRACH ZARATHUSTRA (Richard Strauss)
Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra under Clemens Krauss
LLP-232 — $5.95

SONATA IN A FLAT MAJOR (Op. 26) (Beethoven)
SONATA IN C MAJOR "Waldstein" (Op. 53) (Beethoven)
Wilhelm Backhaus
LLP-265 — $5.95

FRAUENLIEBE UND LEBEN — Song Cycle (Schumann)
VIER ERNSTE GESÄNGE (Brahms)
Kathleen Ferrier (Contralto) — John Newmark (Piano)
LLP-271 — $5.95

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Reviews of the Month

Prelude to a Tour

BIZET: *"Fair Maid of Perth"; also* DELIUS: *"Over the Hills and Far Away." Sir Thomas Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.* (Columbia LP 2133, $3.85.)

MOZART: *Symphony No. 38 in D ("Prague"); Symphony No. 41 in C ("Jupiter"). As above.* (Columbia LP 4313, $4.85.)

NICOLAI: *"Merry Wives of Windsor" Overture; also* PONCHIELLI: *"Dance of the Hours" ("La Gioconda"), etc. Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic and the Columbia Symphony Orchestras.* (Columbia LP 2134, $3.85.)

THAT special versatility and thoroughness which typify Beecham's work for the phonograph are synthesized in this omnibus issue on the eve of the conductor's first tour of this country with the Royal Philharmonic. That he has managed to slip in the first complete recording of Bizet's "Jolie Fille de Perth" Suite is as typical as the equal care expended on Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony and the "Dance of the Hours." The "Danse Bohèmienne" is, of course, familiar from its customary inclusion in "Carmen"; but one does not doubt that the Prelude, the two Serenades, and the March will become equally familiar now that Beecham has shown his colleagues how they sound. Each is a beautifully detailed pastel, fastidiously scored by Bizet, and perfectly "restored" by Beecham. The reproduction is magnificent, both here and in the reissued Delius (its first appearance without albummates).

Of the two Mozart symphonies, I am partial to the "Prague," a replica of the superb version of the late Thirties differing only in its broader, more vital reproduction. However, I find my appreciation of this version of the "Jupiter" mounting with repetitions of it. At first it impressed me as stolid and slow-moving (the Minuet especially), but a second exposure to its dynamic breadth and orchestral mass made a more cohesive experience of the whole. Certainly it is the best-sounding "Jupiter" on records, preferable to the recent Krips, the Rosbaud on Mercury, or the Toscanini of relatively recent date.

As for the Beecham treatment of Von Suppé's "Morning, Noon, and Night" Overture, the "Morning Papers" of Strauss, Nicolai's "Merry Wives" Overture, or the "Dance of the Hours," what phonophile worthy of the name has not cherished the Von Suppé and Nicolai in their previous versions? They are zestful as ever. Outstanding in orchestral virtuosity is the Ponchielli excerpt, made in New York last December with an impromptu ensemble.

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Bizet as viewed by *Diogenes* (1867)—"a pastel perfectly 'restored.'"

Two "Trout" and a Fin

SCHUBERT: *Quintet in A ("Forellen"). Peter Badura-Skoda, piano, with members of the Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet.* (Westminster LP 50-25, $5.95.) *The same. Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano, with members of the Budapest Quartet, and George Moleux, bass.* (Columbia LP 4317, $4.85.) *The same. The Boskovsky Quintet; also* MOZART: *Divertimento in D, K. 251 (excerpts). Chamber Orchestra conducted by Edvard Fendler.* (Remington LP 149, $1.49.)

IF BAFFLING, this sudden favor to one of Schubert's greatest works is certainly welcome. Those who thought that the Capitol LP with Rupp represented as much attention as this score was likely to have in the first epoch of LP need not be distressed; for if the Columbia and Westminster versions are better recordings, neither is substantially better Schubert.

Were I approaching the problem as a consumer, without previous commitment, my attraction would be to Westminster for the splendidly live and tasteful piano playing of Badura-Skoda, a pianist not previously known to me, but obviously destined for wide celebrity. I might mention as further assets of this version the uncommonly fine balance of all elements and the kind of musicianship that inclines the musicians to repeat the exposition of the first movement.

The Budapest-Horszowski version is thoroughly good, though Horszowski is more meticulous than mettlesome, and disinclined to accept the prominence Schubert accorded his instrument. I speak here not so much in terms of sound, but in spiritual initiative. He sounds to me a little more deferential than is desirable in this work. One distinction, however, this disc does contain: the loudest string bass ever heard in a version of the "Forellen." Apparently the thinking was that if Schubert put the instrument in it should be heard. With that thesis I am in agreement, but the question of degree must be considered also. Schubert, after all, never imagined the existence of a microphone, and the gruff accentuations and explosive interjections heard here are considerably more disturbing than relevant.

As for the mysterious Remington achievement (on *one* side of a ten-inch LP), it represents no amazing new technique, but, unfortunately, a reversion to one now outmoded and—we had thought—forgotten. That is to say, the serving up of bleeding chunks of a whole work without apology or explanation. Presumably, Remington has a complete tape, of which they used as much as would fit on a ten-inch LP—the first movement (with the first twenty-four measures omitted), part of the second, none of the scherzo, the variations, and no finale. Even at $1.49 (see page 67) this is no bargain, for the Mozart excerpts on the overside are poorly reproduced.

The Return of Backhaus

BEETHOVEN: *Sonatas in C (Opus 53, "Waldstein"); A flat (Opus 26).* (London LP 265, $5.95.) *Sonata in E (Opus 109);* also CHOPIN: *Sonata in B minor. Wilhelm Backhaus, piano.* (London LP 266, $5.95.)

STRICTLY speaking, this is not the postwar reappearance of the great Backhaus, for at least one such enterprise (a version of the "Emperor" Concerto) has circulated in this country on a European label during the last few years. But, in any real sense, this is the first opportunity to acquire his art in a reasonably priced framework—and unquestionably his initial LP.

In either or both respects it is an exceptional occurrence for those concerned with authority rather than glibness and artistry rather than display. Other than Schnabel, I can think of no contemporary pianist capable of such engrossing, encompassing per-

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formances of these works. The tempos of the "Waldstein" may deter some, for they are prevailingly deliberate; whether this is a product of conviction or of convenience, I am not clairvoyant enough to say. I can only report that in the final Presto Backhaus manages to articulate very clearly at a highly demanding pace. Earlier, the ideal momentum of the work was absent; but his feeling for structure and outline, for gathering climax was of his own, unassailable logic. Certainly one can listen, and learn, from every measure.

On the whole the A flat ("Funeral March"), which is less demanding in technique, is more satisfying in totality. Its eloquence is closely paralleled by Backhaus's magnificent sensitivity to every nuance it contains, his superb grasp of structure and detail. The recording in both instances is spendidly full, with a very personal likeness of his dry yet vibrant piano sound. I would say his "Waldstein" is more interesting, if less facile, than Arrau's on Columbia LP 2078 (a ten-inch disc); a comparison with his Opus 26 will be possible when the Gieseking version comes along (on Columbia LP) in a month or so. Taking all things together—the London "Waldstein" is uninterrupted, the Arrau ten-inch disc turns over—the two sonatas played by Backhaus have a character not likely to be duplicated in the near future. The recording is first class.

The coupling of the late Beethoven Opus 109 with the Chopin "Funeral March" sonata is a more special thing, for Backhaus-fanciers rather than persons objectively concerned with the works themselves. Each has a full share of the verve and power of this fine artist, but a rather disturbing quantity of wrong notes and blurred passages. However, when everything is going the way Backhaus wants it to there is a spaciousness and a breadth in the conceptions that are all too seldom encountered in these days of finger-conscious virtuosos. Blemished as they are, the performances convey a musical exaltation of no slight compulsion. As in the foregoing, the recording is excellent.

New Mozart for Old

MOZART: *Concerto in A (K.622). Reginald Kell, clarinet, with the Zemmler Sinfonietta.* (Decca LP 7500, $3.85.)

LEST the reference be confusing, it should be established at once that this is a product of Decca-in-America, not a remnant of some bygone project involving the period in which that firm was distributing the products now known under the London label. I may mention, too, that the quality of sound accomplished by Decca in Boston's Symphony Hall is well within range of confusion with London—the only blemish being a resonant over-hang, so to speak, an excess of liveness in which the sound spreads somewhat more than is desirable.

Those acquainted with the previous standard version by Kell with the London Philharmonic directed by Sargent (RCA Victor album 708) will find the approach here rather different. A chamber-sized ensemble is used with a more intimate feeling throughout. Thanks to the microphoning there is never any lack of body or weight in the supporting group, though it is numerically limited. There is a definite gain in flexibility, in rapport, in homogeneity, with the soloist more an element of the ensemble than in any other version. Since Kell's own conception has gained much in subtlety and finesse during the decade since the previous recording, the differences are all improvements. I note as a reservation about that first version my opinion that the clarinet could have "a more vibrant sound." In that detail, certainly, one could not improve on this effort. Kell has attained a Heifetz-like domination of his instrument, in which ease is blended with clarity, sound with artistic sense, to a similar evaluation of the capacity of his chosen instrument.

Venture into Schubert

SCHUBERT: *Sonata in C minor (Op. Post.). Webster Aitken, piano.* (EMS LP 110, $5.95.)

ASSUMING that the pertinacity of EMS is as pronounced as that of its artist, this may be viewed as the beginning of a notable endeavor—the recording, complete, of all Schubert's piano music. Knowing something of Aitken's character, there can be no doubting that he will carry through on his plan: we merely hope that the high resolve will be equal on both sides, and this confidently labeled "Volume X" will have the predecessors and successors to establish it as such, not merely as an isolated memorial to a worthy project.

As those who remember their obscure catalogues are aware, Aitken established a phonographic beachhead on this work with a sober, well-considered interpretation on the Gamut label a decade or so ago. Aided by considerably better mechanized support, he has extended his penetration and taken charge of the whole area of the work.

Webster Aitken — "a phonographic beachhead."

Those who missed that earlier experience—and its parallels in the concert hall are scarce indeed—will find in this splendid work of Schubert's final year (1828) a blend of his own questing, adventurous spirit with the full-length drama that Beethoven made of the piano sonata. I personally find Aitken more sympathetic to the Beethoven in Schubert than the Schubert in Schubert, but that is something "by the way." He is certainly devoted to the quintessential Schubert, to whom he imparts a stronger fibre, a deeper coloration than is commonly considered the composer's due. Finely resonant piano reproduction, and a worthy LP in all respects.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

A Ten-Strike for Bowles

ROUSSEL: *Symphony No. 4; Suite in F. Georges Tzipine conducting the Lamoureux Orchestra.* (Capitol LP 8104, $4.85.)

BOWLES: *Concerto for Two Pianos, Winds, and Percussion. Gold and Fizdale, duo pianos, and instrumental ensemble conducted by Daniel Saidenberg;* also MILHAUD: *"Carnaval à la Nouvelle-Orléans"; "Les Songes." Gold and Fizdale.* (Columbia LP 2128, $3.85.)

"I FIRST came to this play as a schoolboy, and though I got it by heart I could not love it." Thus Quiller-Couch on "The Merchant of Venice." I first came to Albert Roussel in my teens when his Symphony No. 3 was issued on the short-lived Brunswick-Polydor label, and though my teeth have long since stopped chattering at the polytonal cacophonies that

(*Continued on page* 61)

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Recordings Reports: Classical LP's and Albums

See page 69 for Pop Roundup

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Concerto in D. Georg Kulenkampf, violin; Berlin Philharmonic conducted by Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt. *Capitol LP 8099, $4.85.*	A deft and delicate playing of the solo part by the late Kulenkampf, somewhat slight against the full-bodied statement of the orchestral score delivered by Schmidt-Isserstedt. It would be more attractive were not some of the *espressivo* passages mooned over. Recording about as good as the Szigeti.
Chopin: Waltzes. Alexander Brailowsky, piano. RCA Victor LP 1082, $5.45.	Successful conversion to LP of Brailowsky's playing of this complete set, somewhat more live in sound, I'd say, than the original issue. Not to be confused with those reissued piano rolls, incidentally, though some of the accents suggest them.
Debussy: Songs. Lily Pons, soprano, with Frank La Forge, piano. Columbia LP 2135, $3.85.	One of those confusing enterprises which is not likely to satisfy anyone. The Pons public hardly cares about such songs as "Fantoches," "Apparition," "Il Pleure dans Mon Coeur," etc., and those who are interested in the songs will not care for her colorless projection. Good recording.
Dvorak: Quintet in A. Sergio Lorenzi, piano, and the Chigi Quintet. London LP 202, $5.95.	The year's second issue of this work (Concert Hall had one a few months back, RECORDINGS, June) and without question one of the great chamber-music recordings to date. Rich rolling piano sonority, magnificent definition of all the strings. Also, superb projection of the musical matter.
Franck: Symphony in D minor. Monteux conducting the San Francisco Symphony. RCA LP 1065, $5.45.	A new, and potent, edition of the Monteux conception, which to many is the preferable way of hearing this music. Not as suave a recording as the Munch-London, but certainly the best on LP so far, with more bite and character than the Ormandy.
Glazounov: Concerto in A minor. Nathan Milstein, violin, with RCA Victor Orchestra conducted by William Steinberg. RCA LP 1064, $5.45.	The LP contains Milstein's virtuoso performance of the Glazounov (RECORDINGS, Nov. 1949) on a single side, adding to it two favorite separate movements by Mozart—the Adagio in E (K. 261) and the Rondo in C (K. 373). Milstein's tone is overbright, knife-sharp for the orchestral background, the whole treatment a little swollen for this composer.
Mozart: Mass in C ("Coronation"). Hans Gillesberger conducting the Mozart Festival Orchestra and Akademie Chorus. *Haydn Society LP 2005, $4.85.*	A smoother recording, in a different style, than Joseph Messner's version on the Festival Recordings label (noted in RECORDINGS, April). Instead of the spacious, actual-performance sound of that effort, this is compact, rather dead, studio-style. In its usual manner the Haydn Society offers a replica, in orchestral weight and choral mass, of the ensemble probably used in Mozart's time. The "Agnus Dei" is capably sung by Rosl Schweiger, but the solo quartet and Messner himself convey more of the exaltation in this music than Gillesberger, et al. The ten-inch Haydn issue is a dollar cheaper than the twelve-inch Festival disc.
Mozart: Quartets (in D, K. 285; in C, K. 285b; and in A, K. 298). Julius Baker, flute, with strings. Oxford LP 101, $4.85.	A remarkable disc, whether for the inherent interest of the material, the superb execution by flutist Baker and the Messrs. Zarief (violin), Mankovitz (viola), and Oxman (cello), or the exemplary reproduction. As in his writing of solo works for clarinet, horn, bassoon, or oboe, Mozart has transcended the conventional character of the instrument, producing music of magical spontaneity and richness of interest.
Offenbach-Dorati: "Helen of Troy." Antal Dorati conducting the Minneapolis Symphony. *RCA LP 22, $3.85.*	Boisterously energetic direction by Dorati of his own arrangement of Offenbach material for the well-remembered Lichine ballet. Hungarian abandon sometimes replaces Gallic *esprit*, but the pleasure-quotient of the experience is not seriously affected thereby. The shallow sound characteristic of Northrup Auditorium, where this orchestra lives, is better masked in this recording than in most, but the climaxes smash a bit nevertheless.
Paganini: Concerto in D. Zino Francescatti, violin, with the Philadelphia Orchestra directed by Eugene Ormandy; also Saint-Saëns: Concerto in B minor. Francescatti, with the New York Philharmonic directed by Dimitri Mitropoulos. Columbia LP 4315, $4.85.	Neither of these is an LP "first" (Ricci has done both for VOX) but they are mechanically and musically superior to any predecessors, long or short playing. Francescatti has the ideal equipment for performances of these works—exceptional facility, a tonal quality both brilliant and elegant, the capacity to play a trite melody without condescension or extravagance. Some of the execution in the Paganini (the artificial harmonics, particularly) is amazing, but no more so than the steadily balanced artistry on both sides. Both conductors collaborate splendidly, and the recording is all one could ask.
Schönberg: "Verklärte Nacht"; also Ravel: "Daphnis et Chloe," Suites Nos. 1 and 2. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra, with the Temple University Chorus. Columbia LP 4316, $4.85.	Though I regret that this latest issue of the "Verklärte Nacht" is not in the string sextet form long unavailable on records, one would be churlish indeed to quibble with the magnificent richness of the Philadelphia Orchestra's strings, or the evocative conducting of Ormandy. In the latter respect this is far more satisfactory than the "Daphnis et Chloe," which has the utility of combining the two suites and introducing the choral elements almost universally omitted in concert and recorded performances. Remarkable technical work all the way through.
Schumann: Symphony No. 1. Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Cleveland Symphony. Columbia LP 2131, $3.85.	The energetic, well-controlled performance previously admired in Columbia album 617. Some attempt has been made to build up the sound, especially in the bass, with moderate success—it still booms rather than resounds; the finicky will bide their time for a richer-sounding one.
Stamitz: Sinfonia Concertante in F. Vienna Symphony Orchestra conducted by Henry Swoboda. Westminster LP 50-17, $5.95.	A page of musical history brought to sounding life, with much more than antiquarian interest. As most music-lovers know, Stamitz was the composer par excellence for the Mannheim Orchestra of the 1770's, the workshop from which emerged many of the orchestral effects put to effective use by Mozart and Beethoven. Swoboda's group plays impeccably. First-rate recording.
Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 6. Willem Mengelberg conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra. Capitol LP 8103, $4.85.	The year's third "Pathétique" (versions by Munch and Von Karajan were noted in RECORDINGS, July), and probably the one of really enduring interest. It has its moments of eccentricity but also many of deep expressiveness. Surprisingly good sound.
Wagner: "Tannhäuser" Overture and "Venusberg" music; "Wesendonck Lieder." Stokowski conducting the RCA Victor Orchestra and Chorus; Eileen Farrell, soprano. RCA Victor LP 1066, $5.45.	An LP replacement for RCA Victor album 530, one of Stokowski's all-time accomplishments. The sound is richer than ever, but the ability to make the music glow and shimmer is not what it used to be. Excellent definition in the orchestral sound, but the compelling matter is still the "Wesendonck" songs issued some months ago as RCA Victor album 1233. The continuity of LP gives added force to the sensitivity of Stokowski's instinct, Farrell's reaction to it.

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REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 59*)

then put his music out of court I have never been able to contrive much affection for it. Roussel is the man for anyone who dotes on Saint-Saëns. The two have much in common: impeccable craftsmanship, reliable taste, an astute sense of style. For this listener, unfortunately, they share also the knack of inflicting boredom. Having delivered myself of this minority report let me add hastily that the 1935 symphony and 1926 suite are well played and recorded on this Capitol disc. If I find Roussel a bland and often tedious musical personality it is an opinion that will be vigorously disputed by scores of enthusiasts. Let each listen for himself, then—with thanks to Capitol for providing the opportunity.

The transatlantic skip to Paul Bowles is not as tenuous as might at first appear, for the American scores very much in the French manner. Bowles is one of those dispiritingly talented fellows who can compose music with one hand and write fiction (*vide* "The Sheltering Sky") and criticism with the other. His concerto sparkles with fresh instrumentation, a rollicking sense of rhythm, and a crystal texture. If this ambidextrous American has more music of such quality in his top drawer, we ought to hear it. Overside are two of Milhaud's recent additions to the two-piano repertory. In playing them the Messrs. Gold and Fizdale seem to have concluded, erroneously, that to be incisive it is necessary also to be brash. But this counts only as a small objection in an otherwise highly recommendable LP.

—Roland Gelatt.

Received Too Late

BACH: Cantatas Nos. 21, 34, 56, and 104. Bach Cantata Guild, Jonathan Sternberg conducting. (Vanguard)

BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 7. Erich Kleiber conducting the Amsterdam Concertgebouw. (London)

CHOPIN: Four Ballades. Robert Casadesus. (Columbia)

MARTINU: Duo for Violin and Viola. Joseph and Lillian Fuchs. (Decca)

MOZART: Concerto No. 18 (K. 456). Lili Krauss, with orchestra conducted by Walter Goehr. (Decca)

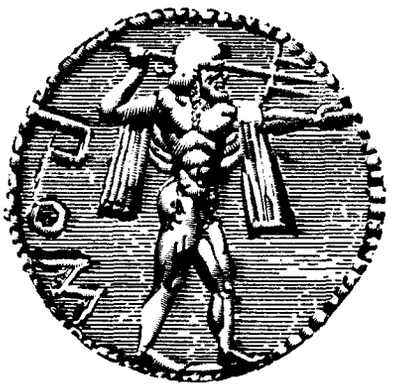
PERGOLESI: "La Serva Padrona." (Cetra)

PROKOFIEV: Quintet, Opus 39. Paris Chamber Orch. (Period)

STRAUSS: "Also sprach Zarathustra." Clemens Krauss conducting Vienna Philharmonic. (London)

STRAUSS: "Don Juan"; "Till Eulenspiegel." As above. (London and Capitol-Telefunken)

TCHAIKOVSKY: Concerto in D. David Oistrakh, violin; A. V. Gauk conducting. (Colosseum)



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HAYDN: SYMPHONY IN C MAJOR (ed. Fekete); HANDEL: JEPHTA SUITE (arr. Fekete). Salzburg Mozarteum Orchestra under Zoltan Fekete. MG10066 12″ Record $4.85

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BRAHMS: HORN TRIO IN E-FLAT, Op. 40 Annie d'Arco (piano), Georges Ales (violin), Jean Devemy (French horn). MG15015 10″ Record $3.85

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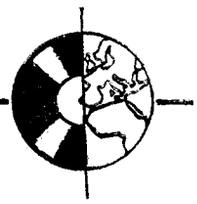
THE OTHER SIDE

(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)



LONDON.

BY THE time these lines appear in print the biggest operatic event London has known for over a decade will have taken place. During the two weeks beginning September 12 the entire company from La Scala, Milan, will be at Covent Garden for nine opera performances and three concerts. We shall hear "Otello," "Falstaff," and "L'Elisir d'Amore," the Verdi and Mozart Requiems, and Monteverdi's Magnificat. Sabata will be conducting all the Verdi, Capuana "L'Elisir d'Amore," and Cantelli the Monteverdi-Mozart program. As yet there is no visible connection between this visit of La Scala and the gramophone world, but such an event is bound to leave its mark in the long run, and may well foster a demand for more complete operatic recordings, particularly since none of the three operas to be performed is at present listed in our domestic catalogues.

A recently announced LP record by Backhaus is sure to cause some raised eyebrows, for it contains two strange bedfellows in Beethoven's Sonata in E, Op. 109, and Chopin's B flat minor Sonata, Op. 35. A person with a little more wit might have coupled the Chopin with Beethoven's Op. 26, thus giving us a brace of "Funeral March" sonatas. This question of pairing on LP has caused a fair amount of discussion here, and many people have indicated that they would prefer to pay a little more than half price for single-sided LP discs than be forced to buy something they do not really want. So long as manufacturers cover the extra cost of the wasted material I cannot see any valid argument against this point of view. Another frequently voiced complaint is that Decca gives poor value on many of their LP's in comparison with their 78's, and this is, unfortunately, borne out on examination. It will be most interesting to see how HMV and Columbia face these questions when, as is now confidently expected, they enter the fray in November.

HMV has at last released officially a recording of the Brahms D major Symphony, which has been available on the Danish list here for some considerable time. The symphony is played by the Danish State Radio Orchestra under Fritz Busch, but I fear that its chief claim to fame must lie in the fact that it is the quickest and cheapest Brahms No. 2 ever to appear on records. By virtue of the fast tempi and long sides it is crammed onto eight sides (as against ten for most conductors and twelve for Stokowski). Busch's reading is straightforward, but the playing lacks solidity and the kind of finish one has the right to expect from such a conductor.

Most of the real interest this month centers round chamber music, a welcome if none too frequent occurrence. Pride of place belongs to Mozart's glorious G major Quartet, the first of the six quartets dedicated to his "dear friend Haydn." This marks the HMV debut (they did wax a quartet by Priaulx Rainier for Decca earlier this year) of the aptly named Amadeus String Quartet, young musicians still the right side of thirty who, in the four years of their existence as a quartet, have come to be regarded as the finest chamber ensemble in Britain. (Interesting confirmation of this evaluation can be found in the telling fact that they are the only group in this country able to make a living from quartet playing alone!) Their performance of this great work shows a deep understanding of the music and their tone quality is consistently lovely. The first violinist, Norbert Brainin (Viennese-born pupil of Flesch and Rostal), is a born leader; his beautiful phrasing and his technical assurance are an obvious inspiration to his colleagues. Of these I must single out the violist, Peter Schidlof, for no other player I have ever heard can coax such continually ravishing sounds from this frequently stubborn instrument. Here and there the performance shows some signs of "debut-nerves"—forgivable in anyone without much experience of the nerve-racking recording studio atmosphere —but I have no doubt whatsoever that the Amadeus Quartet will overcome this and that these marvelously gifted players will make many valuable and lasting contributions to the recorded chamber-music repertoire in the years to come.

JUST as it is the critic's pleasant duty to encourage the up-and-coming artist, so he must often note with sadness the decline of those who have enriched us in the past. Such is the case with the Busch Quartet, whose recordings of Beethoven's last period quartets I shall never cease to cherish. Today, with a new "middle" between Adolf and Hermann Busch, they are but a shadow of their former selves, and their playing of Mendelssohn's rarely heard Capriccio in E minor, Op. 81, suggests that we are eavesdropping on them as they are sight-reading the work for their own amusement.

The monthly addition to HMV's Special List is Debussy's only Cello Sonata, a work of fascinating, often ironical, character dating from World War I, the last years of Debussy's life (with patriotic fervor he signed the work "Claude Debussy, musicien français"). The three short but arresting movements — Prologue, Sérénade, and Finale — are brilliantly played by Paul Tortelier and our own Gerald Moore, the cellist also contributing a witty showpiece of his own, Burlesque "Le Pitre," to complete the two-disc set, which is superlatively recorded. Also from HMV comes one of Bach's most splendid keyboard works, the "Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue." Artur Schnabel gives us a noble and restrained performance, free from the many distortions to which Bach's score is normally subjected.

On Parlophone we have the first recording of Schubert's A minor Sonata, Op. 42, a fine and extended work with a particularly lovely Andante con moto in variation form. This is the last of Schubert's three sonatas in this key (the opus number being misleading here as is usual with this composer's works) and was written in 1825. Lili Kraus plays it very finely; she not only keeps the texture admirably clear but also gives complete coherence to this often improvisatory music. The recording is, on the whole, very good. Finally in this group there is the Rachmaninoff Suite No. 2 for Two Pianos. This is an attractive, if overlong, composition, excellently played by Phyllis Sellick and Cyril Smith, a husband-and-wife team who normally go their own ways as soloists, and well recorded by Columbia.

In the brief operatic list, Victoria de los Angeles is heard for the first time in the music of Wagner when she sings that familiar pair, "Elisabeth's Greeting" and "Elsa's Dream." The first, though interesting, is a little disappointing; it requires a singer with a more rapturous top register. This artist's forte is decidedly her rich middle range; her Elsa is very lovely, despite the fact that she sounds far more intelligent than any Elsa should. Boris Christoff completes his previously recorded "Farewell of Boris" with the "Death Scene," and on the reverse side he changes into Vaarlam's humbler vestments for the famous "In the Town of Kazan." This is a really thrilling record!

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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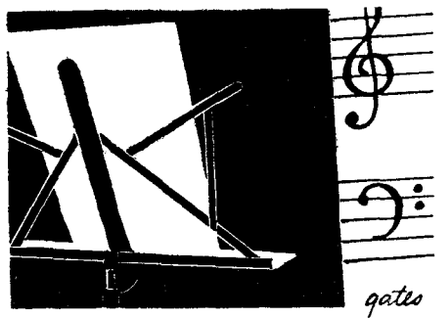
Music to My Ears



FONTEYN AND THE SADLER'S WELLS "GISELLE"

MARGOT FONTEYN challenged all known rules of chance in adding to her repertory, during this season's visit of the Sadler's Wells Ballet in the Metropolitan, the infinitely demanding title role of "Giselle." She had drawn aces back to back with her "Sleeping Beauty" and "Swan Lake" last year, and her repetitions of them this year have been of the same cardinal virtue.

But as Fonteyn and her associates moved through the patterns of the famous work, in a scenic setting both attractive and suitable, one saw a wraith beside her. Like a ghostly second image on a television screen she was pursued by the memory of Alicia Markova, once (possibly still) her idol, often ours, and the "Giselle" of this generation. As her hand rose in a gesture, Markova's was there with a little more tension and meaning; as she extended a leg, it didn't carry quite through the space in which Markova carved a design still unforgettable.

There is the question of styles to be considered, and emphasis to be weighed. Fonteyn, the fastidious technician, finishes all her movements so precisely, carries through every pattern with such clarity that an almost classic detachment of manner enters into her playing of the part. Markova, to my memory, was much more fluid—so that the bravura was almost a believable by-product of the dementia it was meant to suggest.

Oddly enough, the very physical limitations of Markova—her spare, angular frame, her rather peaked face, the incredible power she generated with her tight-knit body — lent a credibility to her Giselle that the much more appealing Fonteyn did not project. One knew instinctively that Markova's Giselle had fascinated the prince posing as commoner by her dancing alone; with Fonteyn, one suspects he may have been attracted as much by her looks as by her grace. Thus, when he is unmasked, and Giselle's romantic hopes come crashing down before the wall of class distinction, I was not so moved. Fonteyn-Giselle could, reasonably, get another man; Markova-Giselle obviously was not going to encounter so dance-conscious a handsome fellow again.

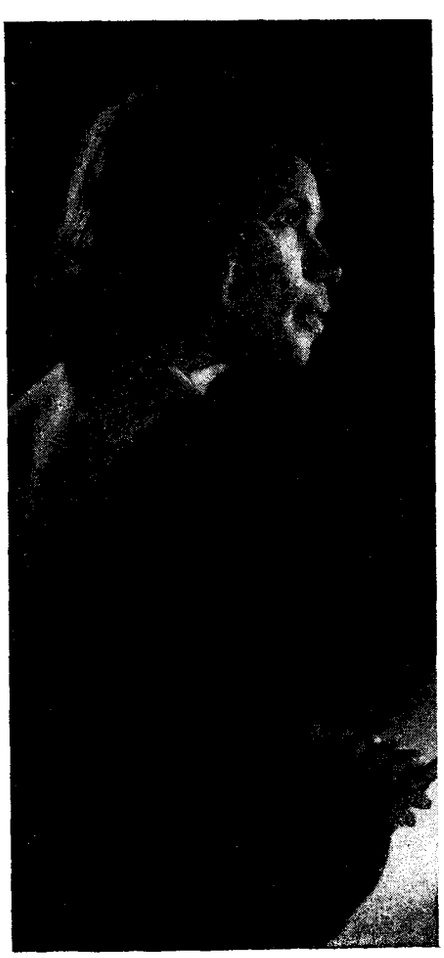
Dissociated from Markova, Fonteyn's performance was one of style, sensitivity, and — especially in the second act—artful execution. It is rather more on the surface than the great creations she has made of Odette-Odille in "Swan Lake" and the Princess in "Sleeping Beauty," which means, simply, that there is at least one more world of expression for her to conquer. This seems to me to serve the ends of artistic justice very well, for if all the world were now her oyster she couldn't look forward to discovering any future pearls.

A by-product of this "Giselle," eminently handsome and well-planned, was a heightened respect for the past "Giselle" productions we have had from Ballet Associates, among others. The Sadler's Wells ensemble detail was cleaner, the mood better sustained, perhaps, but Michael Somes, as the Prince, was well short of the Youskevitch standard, just as Pamela May, the Queen of the Willis, was of the Hightower. I do not think that Sadler's Wells need be unduly concerned about this; after all, we are comparing an exceptional native effort, plus a legendary figure in the key role, with what turns out to be one of the visitor's good but not great ones. At least it leaves some room for improvement —something we were beginning to think impossible — should the ballet favor us with another visit in a few years.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Next Month

IN honor of the forthcoming American tour of Sir Thomas Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, RECORDINGS for November will include several special features on the British conductor. Articles about Sir Thomas will be contributed by Gerald Abraham and the editor. A Beecham discography will also be included.



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Contraband Jelly Roll

FREDERIC RAMSEY, JR.

THE JAZZ wing of the record business, which at its quietest moments looks like an unhappy cross between raucous, rowdy trading on the floor of the Cotton Exchange and the deadly serious diamond buying and selling that proceeds *ex tempore* on sidewalks in the vicinity of 46th Street and the Avenue of the Americas, is in turmoil. The cause: reissues.

"I am informed that every known commercial record Jelly cut can be purchased—if not on original labels, at least as unauthorized reissues; jazz, even in its antiquarian phase, operates a bit beyond the pale," Alan Lomax tells us in the discursive discography that makes up Appendix Two of his new book, "Mister Jelly Roll." And in a recent editorial *Down Beat*, a trade magazine generally concerned with controversial matters of music business, screamed perturbedly that "Disc Bootleggers Are Waxing Fat on Stolen Goods," and blackwashed them as "dirty thieves" and "pirates."

I found a "pirate" in his den in a big, den-filled office building on West 42nd Street. He was only slightly chubby, and quite unmussed by his alleged illegitimacy. "Sure," he replied when I fired a shot across his bow, "we're getting out 'unauthorized' reissues—if that's what they're calling them now. Here, read this."

He handed a letter across the desk. It was from the Library of Congress, Copyright Office, and it was written over the signature of Richard S. MacCarteney, Chief, Reference Division. ". . . and thus, to date," it concluded after a somewhat apologetic preamble, "there is no provision in the copyright law covering a particular interpretation or rendition of a copyrighted work."

"That means that anyone can dub a recording and sell pressings," the genial privateer continued. "Actually, so far there's been very little of this because guys were afraid of the big companies, and the big companies were afraid of each other. But now, they're getting bolder. They found out there's sort of a feeling with big record company brass that it's O.K. for a little fellow to dub and sell if his sales just don't get too good."

"How good?," I asked.

"Oh, anything up to 1,000 sales is all right," he answered. "But if it pokes that figure too close, then maybe some of these fellows better watch out."

As he talked, a young man in a striped sweater came in and asked for Jack.

"He's out in the park," the pirate behind the desk replied. "Just go look for him. He's on a bench."

"How much do I owe you, anyhow?" striped sweater wanted to know. They went into some fine points of under-counter accounting. The fellow looking for Jack was one of the persons who supplied the Forty-Second and Bryant Park buccaneers with records to dub, and got copies to sell in exchange.

How did all this get started? Since this is a very open market, and abnormally sensitive to the raw facts of supply and demand, the answer lies

with avid jazz collectors who, for the past fifteen years, have been thirsting to hear certain rare records by the great maestros of jazz. Some of this stuff is in an almost legendary class. There are records, for example, made by the extraordinarily gifted clarinetist, Johnny Dodds, for tiny, one-lung outfits in and around Chicago in the Twenties.

"Some of the biscuit we used for those records was so bad we had to go out and mix straw in with it to hold it together," the Paramount engineer reminisced years later to William Russell, one of the best informed jazz discologists. But in spite of the straw, which might now be termed "an essential abrasive," the clear, strong tone of Dodds's clarinet emerges, sweeping along the breathless ensemble pacing that seemed to transpire whenever Dodds had a record date.

Add to Dodds's fluid clarinet solos some of the subtlest and most imaginative blues accompaniments ever sliced by King Louis Armstrong, and countless groovage of Mister Jelly Roll Morton's best ten-inchers (piano solo sides of "King Porter Stomp," "New Orleans Joys," "Jelly Roll Blues," "Tom Cat," "Stratford Hunch," and "Perfect Rag," as well as the tangy Red Hot Pepper recordings of Jelly Roll classics—"The Pearls," "Black Bottom Stomp," "Doctor Jazz," and "Kansas City Stomps"), and it's not hard to see, with so many tantalizing morsels of music just beyond reach of exasperated cognoscenti, why reissues happened.

Now there is a babel of labels. One man, originally a baker by trade (Jelly Roll, who once split a vaudeville bill with an entertainer who boasted he was Sweet Papa Cream Puff, would be happy), has garnered himself about as fine a list of reissue booty as one could hope for, and all without a single expedition of reprisal to singe him in his Bronx shop. Starting modestly with about twenty scholarly reissues on a Century label, he now has a catalogue of some 200 items, spread judiciously thin over additional labels —Wax, Anchor, Jazz Classics, The Hot Jazz Club of America, and Blue Ace. Three other freebooters, Biltmore, Jazz-Time (long-playing records), and Jay, operate only through P. O. box numbers, with no names mentioned. Another captain of this bar-sinister record industry sells British Rhythm Society and Carousel labels. Bands and performers featured on the Jolly Roger labels include Lionel Hampton, Benny Goodman, Louis Armstrong, Billie Holiday, the late Glenn Miller, Duke Ellington, and Count Basie. Johnny Dodds is represented, down to the very last side of his Dixieland Thumpers and Jug Blowers. And so it goes, with many outfits fouling each other in their eagerness to grind out the discs.

WHILE in most cases the alleged pirates are paying token royalties to music publishing houses with copyright tunes, they have yet to establish any coherent system of payment to musicians who made the records. And since contracts covering these dates were signed only with the record companies issuing them in the first place, or were part of old files bought up with rights to obscure masters, that takes us right back to home.

Doubtless there never would have been such a prolific mushrooming of "contraband" labels if the big companies who control rights to these masters had followed through with reissues sufficient to keep the jazz wing happy. Most majors, when queried as to why they have let the reissue business go to the pirates, reply: "Why—ah, it wasn't worth the trouble to put out that moldy stuff. It never sold anyway."

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Samples in Styles

"Symphony in Brief." Charles O'Connell conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra. (Columbia LP 2127, $3.85.)

"Heart of the Ballet." Leopold Stokowski conducting his symphony orchestra. (RCA Victor LP 1083, $5.45.)

"Twilight Concert." Artur Rodzinski conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra. (Columbia LP 4311, $4.85.)

JUST what tastes these discs are meant to serve is doubtless better known to the sponsoring companies than to me. I am especially baffled by the disc conducted by O'Connell, which begins with the first movements of Mozart's G minor, follows with the scherzo of the "Eroica," offers next the second movement of Mendelssohn's "Scotch," and concludes side No. 1 with the third movement of the Brahms No. 1. Overside are similar bits and pieces. For those to whom such a peculiar mélange may be attractive I can vouch that it is remarkably well conducted by O'Connell, very well played by a good-sized orchestra, and reproduced with Columbia's best skill.

The Rodzinski disc is a phonographic serving of "Music to Read By"—if you prefer an inflexible sequence of Rossini's "William Tell" Overture followed always by the scherzo from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream," the first movement of Rachmaninoff's Second Concerto (with Leonard Pennario a very able soloist), the Second Hungarian Rhapsody, etc. Rodzinski has rehearsed well an excellent orchestra, but the performances are rather spiritless for those who might be tempted by a new "Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2" with Kell as clarinet soloist, Julius Baker the flutist, etc.

The Stokowski ballet collation is an odd mixture of the delightful and the depressing, with excerpts from Tchaikovsky's "Swan Lake" and "Nutcracker" in the first category, five portions of "Les Sylphides" and Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" in the second. However, if RCA meant this merely as a sample of the kind of sound they can reproduce in their 34th Street studio, we are duly impressed. It is uniformly splendid. —J. K.

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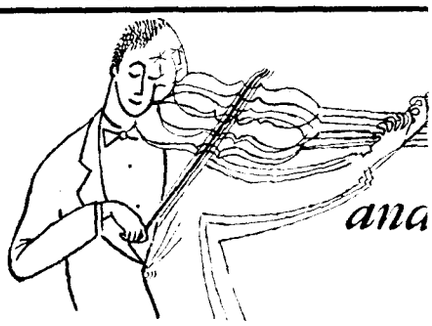

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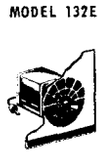

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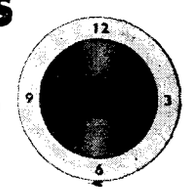

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MUSIC

(Continued from page 28)

have made this semicentennial anniversary book about the Hall a plausible panorama if he had avoided some of his faults in presentation and had written more convincingly and fully about matters of general interest. In the long, tiresome account of successive events the author seems mainly concerned with an oh-so-scholarly report of what others have written in another day. When he does deign to take an interpretative position on some moot affair he is as likely as not, by his bumbling non sequiturs, more to confuse than to enlighten the reader. Even the scholarship, despite its pretentiousness, is not good. There are many errors, mostly small matters of detail, it is true, but irritating in bulk. In a single paragraph I found five specific errors in names and dates, not to mention the disorganized rhetorical condition of the paragraph and the confusion resulting from the author's postulating *obiter dicta* on erroneous statements of fact. The appendices, on the other hand, partly compiled by others, seem accurate.

There are many things that a person familiar with the time and scene would have expected to be more fully covered than they are in this volume and the inclusion of which certainly would have made a more interesting book. Near the end, for example, Mr. Johnson finally gets around to discussing in less than four pages an institution which is almost as famous as the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra themselves—the Pops concerts. They contain enough material, still refreshing for the non-Bostonian at any rate, to warrant a chapter. Again, there is relatively slight allusion to the phenomena of record-making and broadcasting that have made the sound of the Boston Symphony Orchestra familiar to millions who have never seen it or to the interesting physical rearrangements which the Hall underwent for them.

Moses Smith, successor to H. T. Parker on the Boston Transcript, *is author of "Koussevitzky" and the recently published "Selective Record Guide."*

Music and Dance Notes

THE CHEVALIER NOVERRE — The Father of Modern Ballet, by Deryck Lynham. British Book Centre, New York. $4.50. For once, the title of a book does not exaggerate. Jean Georges Noverre (1727-1809) was the father of modern ballet, the virtual inventor of the *ballet d'action*. But he has been shabbily treated by biographers and scholars. Ballet histories and treatises give him full credit, to be sure, but he essentially remains a figure given lip service rather than read or studied. No translation of his great "Lettres sur le danse et sur les ballets" is available in America, for instance.

It is thus an unqualified pleasure to read Deryck Lynham's study, and an even greater one to report that it is scholarly, well documented, and a thorough piece of research. The first part of the book is biographical; the second is a summary of the *ballet d'action* (a type of ballet with plot, usually of a tragic nature) and what Noverre did to it, plus an examination of Noverre's book, his chorcographic philosophy, and a description of his ballets, none of which, incidentally, survive today. A full bibliography is also included.

Mr. Lynham has coordinated his material with logic, and the result is an indispensable work about Noverre, his contributions, and the period in which he lived. The writing is often enlivened by a liberal use of contemporary reports, one of which—concerning the night of November 8, 1755, when Noverre's "The Chinese Festival" was given its unhappy premiere at Drury Lane—must be read to be believed.

—ROSALYN KROKOVER.

THE OXFORD COMPANION TO MUSIC, by Percy A. Scholes. Oxford University Press. $14.50. Salutations to the eighth edition of a delightful and invaluable reference work! Though dated 1950 it seems probable that this edition was sent to the printer at least twelve months ago. (The death of Richard Strauss—September 8, 1949—is not indicated.) Dr. Scholes's "Companion" is just what the name implies. One must look elsewhere to find the year in which Beethoven's Fifth Symphony was composed. But for less pedantic and more elusive information the "Companion" stands alone among the weightier musical reference tomes. Nowhere else can the reader find such a fascinating assortment of articles as here, where a discussion of "Puritans and Music" will lie cheek by jowl with a history of "Pianoforte Playing and Teaching." Nor will he find in other compendious reference works the genial wit of Dr. Scholes, who can pause in a description of the "vox celesta" to opine that "possibly angels do thus sing, but if so a few minutes' musical entertainment by an angel would be sufficient, as the effect soon palls."

—ROLAND GELATT.

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LP's at Lower Prices

AN INNOVATION to which we feel bound to alert our readers is the appearance in the New York market during recent days of an ambitious catalogue of LP's offering full-length symphonies and concertos at a top price of $1.99. The label is Remington, the artists for the most part unknown, the place of origin largely Vienna. I have thus far sampled versions of the Grieg Piano Concerto and the Beethoven "Emperor" (with Felicitas Karrer, piano), such symphonies as the Beethoven No. 5, the Dvorak "New World," and the Schubert No. 1. The Beethoven, a ten-inch disc, sells for $1.49.

At first glance, there are some obvious economies in the production of these items: the paper wrappers are cheap, there are no annotations, the "art work" is uniform. More has probably been saved by the use of obscure solo talent and by the low cost orchestras available in Vienna. However, this can hardly explain the very considerable discrepancy between these prices and those considered "standard" by American terms. I should like to think that a good part of it could be explained by vastly inferior artistic quality; but it isn't that bad at all. The performances tend to be colorless and without personality; they are no engineering triumphs, to be sure; but they do offer value for the modest price asked.

The most the producers themselves will say is that a new pressing process (described as "liquid" in nature rather than the biscuit stamped by usual methods) is utilized and that the profit margin has been reduced with a view to mass sales at lower prices. They do not deny, however, the report from other sources that at least two of the items—a collection of Johann Strauss conducted by Robert Stolz and the truncated version of the "Forellen" Quintet—were originally recorded for television purposes, on film, and turned to the secondary usage without further ado. One of those who is put out about this is London, which will shortly offer a complete—and, of course, independent—version of the same works by the same performers—Boskovsky, Krump, Hubner, Panhofer, etc.—at their usual prices. The artists, it is said, were not aware that any previous "Forellen" playing they had done would find its way to market as a recording.

This is a regrettable confusion—and a detrimental one to the reputation of the players—which we hope Remington can avoid in the future. For if they really have a legitimate way of offering full-length recordings on LP discs at these considerable price savings, they can make a contribution of value to the whole phonographic public. Certainly there will be many who will welcome utility versions, such as these, in acquiring some of the staple matter of the repertory; and we anticipate a healthy revaluation of the importance of "names" to quality performances. Moreover, if the technique is sound, and can be extended to other labels without lowering quality standards, perhaps the price structure of LP merchandise as a whole can be revised to the benefit of the consumer.

In this connection, we cannot help recalling the history of vinylite. Originally, it was offered as a luxury commodity, at a hundred per cent premium on shellac. Now, its virtues of durability and quietness of sound are standard adjuncts of all records other than 78 rpms, and the cost has been absorbed into a price deemed equitable for a new process. Now that microgroove is as accepted a phenomenon as vinylite, perhaps the "equitable" is already outmoded. The Remington venture will be watched with interest in more than a few quarters.

SHADING down several degrees from this kind of endeavor is the type of recording offered on the "Royale" label, in long playing form, tending to the operatic. These bravely proclaim "Complete Arias of the Operas," in a series that includes "The Marriage of Figaro," "William Tell," "Barber of Seville," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Don Pasquale," and "Fra Diavolo." The place of origin is Italy, with such phrases as "stars of La Scala and Rome Opera" thrown in to make the prospect seem attractive. Price: 99¢ per ten-inch LP.

Here is a whole assortment of booby traps, which the judicious will do well to beware. After all, an opera is either complete or it is represented by excerpts—some of which may be called arias. But to invent such a terminology as "complete arias" is merely to assume that there are music lovers gullible enough to swallow what a book publisher might offer as a "complete abridged" version of the Webster dictionary.

How such reputable artists as Cloe Elmo, Gabriella Gatti, and Luciano Neroni were enticed into this "Figaro" mélange, or Gatti, Anna Marcangeli (soprano), and Jose Soler (tenor) into the "William Tell," I can't say. What I can say is that the technical work is of the order expectable in a venture based on such by-and-large considerations as this one.

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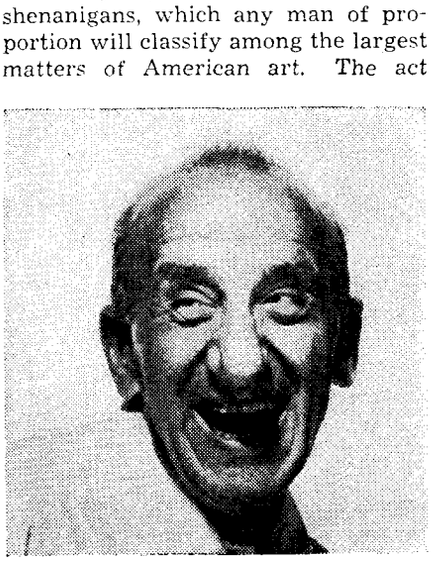
HITS AND MISSES

WE WERE fortunate a few weeks ago to be crossing a foggy Maine bay in a small commercial vessel with a working compass and a radio also infallibly pointed. Presently, out of the Debussyesque mists, there issued a strident voice from the Delancey Street-Coney Island axis, demanding: "Let me hear that band!" And as the band played on we were aware of several things. We knew that Jimmy Durante was waiting for his cue. We knew his entry would be colossal, for the tune was that minstrel classic, "Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home?" And as Jimmy and his hoary pal Eddie Jackson worked over the epic all our expectations were realized. Our feeling is sufficiently well expressed by Durante himself toward the end of the record: "If Bailey ain't on his way home by now, it's not our fault" (M-G-M 30255, 79¢).

Analysis of the great comic spirits is, of course, some of the most treacherous work in the world, but we have the temerity to indulge in brief comment. Hollywood has misused Durante as violently as it has Marlene Dietrich. Of the delicious Dietrich it has made a gaudy vampire, and of the protean Durante a simple zany. Actually, the great Durante, the one who still revives the idiom of Clayton, Jackson & Durante, is a subtly laminated and highly significant figure. The basis of his art is the joyous American tradition of ragtime and minstrelsy. In childhood he was saturated with this spirit; the moisture fell on the richest Italian comic soil, and the fruits thereof were the Clayton, Jackson & Durante shenanigans, which any man of proportion will classify among the largest matters of American art. The act was a wonderful mélange of jazz (the band kept it up incessantly), soft-shoe dancing (the late Lou Clayton was a virtuoso), cake walking and coon shouting (Eddie Jackson was and is the Caruso of these departments), and the interwoven contributions of Durante himself. These last involved a higher mathematics of the spirit, which it would be insane to try to formulate, but I think of that moment in the middle of the team's brilliant pandemonium when a small bell tinkled and, in a staggering silence, Jimmy advanced to the footlights and murmured: "Mama, there's someone in the candy store." And I think, by contrast, of Jimmy chatting idly in the Hotel Astor about the domestic habits of his drummer, Al Roth. "Al," said Jimmy, "was scratchin' a match on the furniture, bein' careful to go with the grain." But these are merely what William James would have called whiffs and gleams of the fellow. The wild, warm glee of Jimmy in mid-action, speaking simultaneously to every level of the sensibilities that was ever open to a horse laugh, says, unmistakably, that our greatest clowns are among our greatest citizens.



J. Durante—"among our greatest citizens."

Other autumn pleasures: there is some fine, tough balladry by Tom "Shy-Guy" Douglas, accompanied by a juicy, unidentified tenor saxophonist in "I Should Have Known" and "Raid on Cedar Street" (M-G-M 10769, 79¢). The plethora of new tunes on the subject of Dixieland has offered, so far as we know, no great boon to popular music, but one of them, "Let's Do It Again," is performed with such crisp justice by Margaret Whiting and the pianist Joe "Fingers" Carr as to constitute very lively entertainment indeed (Capitol 1132, 79¢). Sam Hinton offers what is described as a "talking atomic blues" in "Old Man Atom" (Columbia 38929, 79¢) and he offers it very well, but, so help us, we can see no use in the number. The best of the many revivals of "Dream a Little Dream of Me" that we have heard is Frankie Laine's jaunty version (Mercury 5458, 79¢). And we close with a piece of artistry, neat. Russell & Sigman have written a charmingly easy little number called "Some Days There Just Ain't No Fish," which sounds as though it had been expressly conceived for Pearl Bailey. In any event, her delivery of it (Columbia 38928, 79¢) should make them among the happiest composers of the year. —WILDER HOBSON.

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Pop Roundup

DANCE bands, like ball players, often benefit from a change of scenery. In recent months the major record producers have been deeply engaged in raiding rivals' rosters, and undoubtedly keen competition has buoyed the recent efforts of most recording units.

It began several months back when RCA Victor grabbed Frankie Carle and Gene Krupa from Columbia. The latter retaliated last month by snatching Sammy Kaye, Victor's top-selling band. Tommy Dorsey, who had apparently grown old and unconcerned at Victor after fifteen years with the label, found a Fount of Youth at Decca if his first discs for that label are any indication. Benny Goodman, whose hiatus with Capitol was the solitary dull spot in his fabulous career, is back at Columbia, where he enjoyed an especially fertile period in the early Forties. RCA Victor meanwhile is attempting to counter its loss of Kaye by building a similar-sounding band around Dewey Bergman, former Lombardo arranger, whose *nom de disque* is Bob Dewey. The same company is also building a TD-styled unit around trombonist Buddy Morrow.

Each of the major labels will now have its own "sugar" band, patterned after Lombardo or Kaye. These include Dewey (RCA), Jan Garber (CAP), Blue Barron (M-G-M), and Larry Fotine (DEC). And, of course, there's Russ Morgan (DEC). Some recommended sides from the recent crop, all available on 78 and 45 are Guy Lombardo: PETITE WALTZ (DEC 27208), NOLA and LET'S DO IT AGAIN (DEC 27178).... Jan Garber: DADDY'S LITTLE BOY (waltz) and LONGING (CAP 1202).... Sammy Kaye: SUGAR SWEET and HARBOR LIGHTS (COL 38963).... Russ Morgan: DO I WORRY? (DEC 27160).... Bob Dewey: AU REVOIR AGAIN, with Don Cornell vocal (RCA 20-3909).

Each major label also has a sweet-swing band utilizing the Glenn Miller sound. At present Ray Anthony (CAP) is leading this pack as the result of a wise recording policy. He records frequently and is assigned a repertoire of hit songs, most of which have been given their initial impetus by vocalists on other labels. Other Miller bands include Ralph Flanagan (RCA), Tex Beneke (RCA), Jerry Gray (DEC), and occasionally Art Mooney (M-G-M).

Best of the recent "Miller" sides include: NO OTHER LOVE (Chopin's Etude in E Major) (DEC 27180) and VAGABOND SHOES (DEC 27179), Jerry Gray; NEVERTHELESS and HARBOR LIGHTS, Ray Anthony (CAP 1190).

Campus Cuttings

Vaughn Monroe, who sometimes gives us the impression he's singing inside a barrel, has produced a new collection of college songs that rates with the best on discs. His booming baritone, along with a male chorus and big brassy band, may be heard in ideal renditions of eighteen marching songs from sixteen schools, most of them noted for athletic prowess. We prefer Michigan's representative, but your preference may be with Ohio State, Yale, Harvard, Indiana, T.C.U., Notre Dame, Stanford, or one of the others. They're all in VAUGHN MONROE SINGS A MEDLEY OF COLLEGE SONGS (RCA P or WP 299).

Old World—New Wax

Vox, with access to the catalogue of its French affiliate, Polydor, has eschewed the major portion of that company's popular repertoire, confining itself mainly to LP issues of "serious" music. Recent alterations of that policy, however, have provided us with three delightful, thoroughly distinguished LP programs. First, there's EDITH PIAF FAVORITES (PL-3060), with eight samples from her earlier-day repertoire, which are perhaps more melodramatic than her more recent products. Several were available a few years ago on shellac, but the recording has been vastly improved in the transfer to LP.

There are two French songs and six German songs in MARLENE DIETRICH SINGS (VOX PL-3040), certainly one of the more intriguing disc packages of our time. Although these were cut in the early Thirties, the LP quality is not too bad. The language itself may be unimportant when Miss D. "sings," but the lyrics have as much to say about between-wars Germany as the typical George Grosz drawing. The titles include her familiar "Johnny" and "Peter," as well as "Allein, in einer grossen Stadt."

Of more recent vintage we have JACQUELINE FRANCOIS SINGS (VOX PL-3070). This young vocalist, among the most popular in France today, is a less provocative stylist than either Piaf or Dietrich, but she has a smooth pop style comparable with that of our own Dinah Shore.

—BILL SIMON.

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

In Re Ponselle

SIR: James M. Alfonte's "unanswered prayer" is also mine. Rosa Ponselle to me remains unapproached, the greatest soprano of our time. . . . It seems singular that "rumors that Ponselle is still a great singer" appear to be considered somehow surprising. Ponselle is a year younger than Mme. Flagstad, who continues to sing to great acclaim. There is still a large and devoted public for the glorious-voiced Rosa, and if she declines to return to the stage, surely we can at least be allowed some recordings?

ALTINE R. BLACKSMITH.

San Diego, Calif.

SIR: I consider it one of the great privileges of my life to have been Ponselle's accompanist and coach just in the last season of her active career (1938). . . . After not having seen Rosa Ponselle for several years, I had the great pleasure of hearing and playing for her at a private gathering in Baltimore last winter. Even in her singing of Schubert and Strauss lieder I marveled at the subtle beauty and intimate sensitivity of voice and interpretation. . . . Concerning the query of Mr. Peters [RECORDINGS, Sept.] about Gerhard Hüsch, I knew him well and used to accompany him before the war. . . . I learned some time ago that Hüsch lives in or near Munich and was mainly teaching, and not singing in public.

LEO TAUBMAN.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We welcome any corroborative data on the status of the Ponselle voice and sincerely hope that some way will be found to preserve its sound in this phase of her career. Certainly such sound as she commanded is a rarity in any generation, and especially in this one.*

Tauber's "Dichterliebe"

SIR: One is astonished to read Irving Kolodin's review of Mack Harrell singing Schumann's "Dichterliebe" cycle [RECORDINGS, Sept.] and have him name this singer as inferior to "the two others in existence" (Schiotz and Panzéra). I for one feel that the song cycle as rendered by Richard Tauber is still unsurpassed—the album has long become a hard-sought and favorite collectors' item all over the world.

ROBERT BREUER.

Elmhurst, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Tauber version is hardly "in existence" by any real measurement of the accessible, and is also of another era in phonograph reproduction than the Schiotz or Panzéra or Harrell. Others might feel that the Lehmann-Walter version is comparable in quality, giving still another version "in existence." 'Tis much a matter of personal viewpoint.*

That Doubtful "Dutchman"

SIR: In RECORDINGS for August there appears a letter stating that a correspondent heard Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" broadcast from Munich in 1939. An assumption is therefore made that the recording which appeared under the Mercury label dates from that period. According to what Clemens Krauss, the conductor, told me, the performance in 1939 was not with the same artists who appeared on the Mercury broadcast (Ursuleac, Hotter, etc.). The broadcast that was recorded on tape was actually done in June 1944. This is not only borne out by Mr. Krauss; by a curious bit of coincidence I had occasion to have the original tapes in my hands in January of this year. On each one of the tapes there appears a label giving all the pertinent information, amongst other things the "*Aufnahmetag*" (date of recording). It explicitly says June 1944. I thought this bit of information might be of interest to you.

GEORGE H. MENDELSSOHN.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The information is certainly of interest to us, and it might also be of interest to Mercury, which could not offer any information about time of origin when the question was put to them at the time the records were issued. If we have ascertained the truth at the cost of one error that is not the worst possible record.*

Request Department

SIR: May I add my support to the move for more Guiomar Novaës recordings . . . and especially for the Schumann "Carnaval." . . . I heartily endorse the cry for "More Novaës."

ROBERT FAIRFAX BIRCH.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Speaking for friends in Alabama and for myself in Mississippi, time is ripe for the release of some Weingartner on LP. . . . I also nominate the recording of "Pelléas" with Irène Joachim, directed by Désormière, by RCA Victor's French affiliate. . . . It would be mighty imposing as RCA's first complete opera on LP.

WILLIAM K. TAYLOR.

Raymond, Miss.

SIR: Wouldn't it be nice to have a new recording of Gustav Mahler's "Kindertotenlieder," conducted by either Bruno Walter or Fritz Reiner? The only existing recording is thoroughly inadequate, although the interpretation is superb (Heinrich Rehkemper, Jascha Horenstein conducting).

MONROE NEUMAN.

New York, N. Y.

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